The Black Cat

Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
RECEIVED
JAN 7 1902
PERIODICAL DIV.

January 1902

For the Sake of Lize. C. B. Lewis.

$500 Prize Story.

A Model Man. Edwin E. Stillman.

The Black Token. Jennie Martha Chenery.

$100 Prize Story.

My Filipino Watch. Carroll Carrington.

In the Sweetness of Death. Neirda Reyelb.

5 CENTS

Volume VII., No. 4. Whole No. 76. Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO 144 HIGH ST BOSTON, MASS.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

AP2
B6

McClure's

Notable Fiction for 1902

New Romantic Love Story, By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

WILL shortly begin serial publication in *McClure's Magazine*. This new novel rings with the same fresh, romantic note and displays the same rare gift of dramatic construction that made his other works immediate successes and keeps them in demand to-day.

The new story by Mr. Tarkington deals with life in Indiana at the time of the Mexican War, a time of simple culture and much joy of life, when the rigors of the ruder pioneer life had passed away and the people were still untouched by the commercial spirit that came with the railroads. In the bustle of people and events constantly appear the hero and heroine, whose love is the main theme of the story. This ideal love story is the more interesting because it comes out of a characteristic American period that has never before been so beautifully portrayed.

TWO NOVELETTES OF AMERICAN LIFE

A Battle of Millionaires

By the author of "Wall Street Stories"

EDWIN LEFEVRE tells the story of the most remarkable fight that ever occurred in Wall Street. The great financiers are pictured to the life. Though in the form of fiction, this thrilling narrative is fact, and discloses pieces of secret financial history.

The Forest Runner

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE, author of "The Westerners."

The tale of a race and maneuvers for a forest claim in the woods of Michigan — a fresh, clear-cut American story, idyllic in its conception and setting, but realistic and modern in that it treats of a conflict of commercial interests. Beautifully illustrated by Fogarty.

Rudyard Kipling. New Stories in the old virile manner.
George Ade. Humorous Stories with deep meaning.
F. Hopkinson Smith. Tale of a typical American Sea Captain.
Joel Chandler Harris. Tales of Southern Life and Character.
Hamlin Garland. Indian Stories, picturesque and realistic.
Octave Thanet. Western Stories that stir with Western spirit.
Jack London. Adventures in the wild Northwest.
Josephine Dodge Daskam. More Stories of Boys and Girls.
George Madden Martin. Emmy Lou Stories.

Among the other short-story writers will be: **Anthony Hope, Sara Orne Jewett, Booth Tarkington, Robert Barr, Henry van Dyke, Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Stewart Cutting.**

Other features as interesting as fiction are fully described in our illustrated prospectus, which will be sent free on application.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR ✍ BUT AT ANY PRICE THE BEST

Send Subscriptions and Inquiries to . . **The S. S. McClure Company** 138 East 25th St., New York, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES

bring high prices. Thousands of good stories which might easily be made salable, make up the great mass of "rejected manuscripts." Our School of Journalism, in charge of successful authors, criticises, corrects and revises, as well as teaches how to write. Write for booklet.

NAT'L CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
26-48 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg Washington D. C.

Writers

of short stories and special articles make big money. H. Rider Haggard charges $10,000 for a single short story. Can you write? It pays, if successful. We can help you. Send for Descriptive Booklet. It's Free. Send to-day—now.

Ann Arbor Correspondence College,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Are you in line for promotion?
Are others advanced over your head? If so, why? Don't stand still any longer. Send for our free booklet, "Are Your Hands Tied?" and see how to win promotion, or change your occupation, through Education BY MAIL. Courses in Engineering, Architecture, Business, Languages, etc. State subject.
International Correspondence Schools, Box 1198 Scranton, Pa.

MSS. SOLD

We give substantial aid to amateurs—criticise, revise, typewrite and sell your productions. You KNOW that you can write, yet your MSS. keep coming back; LET US TELL YOU WHY. Highest references. Charges reasonable.

Write for Particulars.

WESTERN LITERARY BUREAU, CHICAGO
Clarke Helme Loomis, Mgr. 36 La Salle St.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS IN ENGINEERING

Unprecedented Opportunity for Obtaining a
TECHNICAL EDUCATION

Through the generosity of the founders of the School, the Trustees are able to award each year a limited number of

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

in Electrical, Mechanical, Stationary, Locomotive, Marine and Textile Engineering (including Mechanical Drawing). The Scholarships for 1902 are now available, and applications will be considered in the order received.

Handbook describing courses, methods, etc., on application.

American School of Correspondence
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

LEARN PROOFREADING.

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

Manuscripts

successfully placed, revised and criticised under the direction of FRANK LEE FARNELL, the literary expert. Highest references. Lowest fees. Send for Leaflet E.

UNITED LITERARY PRESS, 127 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Be a Writer

Have you talent? Earn money writing *Prize Stories* and articles. Manuscripts prepared for publication. Send stamp for our booklet, "WHAT WRITERS NEED."

WRITERS' AID ASSOCIATION, 150 D Nassau St., N. Y.

SOMEONE with $500 can buy rights to a literary business enterprise that has been built up to a now flourishing and paying condition. Exceptional opportunity to person having literary tastes and business ability. Those meaning business write at once, as offer is limited; all others save their postage. Address, W. X., The Black Cat.

Geo. Andrew Lewis.

DO YOU STAMMER

Write for our new 200-page book, **The Origin and Treatment of Stammering**, and **Souvenir**, containing 37 illustrations and half-tone engravings interesting to every stammerer. Sent free to any reader of The Black Cat for 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage.

The Lewis School for Stammerers, 50 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

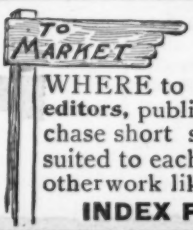
A MUSICAL BOUQUET.

For twelve female characters. A new musical entertainment for churches, similar in character to the popular "Old Maids' Convention," "The Peak Sisters," and "The Quilting Party." An admirable frame for a concert or miscellaneous entertainment.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid, by mail.

Send for our new catalogue of dialogues and entertainments, free to any address.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.



Story Writers' Index

WHERE to send your Mss. Names and addresses of **editors**, publications and **syndicates** that accept and purchase short stories. Tells character, length and price suited to each. Full instruction for preparing copy. No other work like this. Sent postpaid on receipt of **50 cents.**

INDEX PUB. CO., 415 46th St., CHICAGO.

In the February Black Cat.

The Young Lady

In the February Black Cat.

In a Barber Shop

In the February Black Cat.

At Midnight!

The Plot

In the hope of saving the Sultan's life, there was given to a successful literary club in Louisville, Ky., the problem of writing a short story in which a well-bred young lady has to find herself, in a natural manner, in a barber shop at midnight.

In the Harem

"I will now," said Scheherazade II., "relate the story of the young and well-bred lady in a barber shop at midnight—"

But with these words the beautiful, accomplished Sultana, the modern rival of the illustrious story teller of the thousand and one nights, fell back upon her cushions dead. Paralysis of the tongue and paresis, caused by overtaxing her inventive faculties, had come upon her.

The grief of the Sultan was only exceeded by his curiosity to know the outcome of the tale his favorite wife had barely begun, and he declared that the lady who could tell him the story should become the successor of her for whom he so deeply grieved; but no one could be found who knew the story of the well-bred lady in a barber shop at midnight. A deep melancholy seized the Sultan, and in spite of every effort of his court, the unfortunate ruler grew daily more despondent, until his life was despaired of.

The 5 Willing Maidens

It was then that there appeared at the palace gate one day, in tourist's garb, five young ladies from the United States, each more beautiful than the other and each asserting that she, and only she, knew the story of the well-bred young lady in a barber shop at midnight. They were at once welcomed to the palace, where they related to the Sultan the following named stories as told by five members of the literary club above mentioned:—

A Hair-breadth' Scape, by Margaret Steele Anderson.
The Pink Umbrella, by Evelyn Snead Barnett.
Force of Circumstances, by Mary F. Leonard.
The Golden Tresses, by Mrs. A. R. Martin.
Ladies' Night, by Alice Caldwell Hegan.

These five stories will exclusively appear in the

February Black Cat

This will be the most unique and interesting story periodical ever issued at any price. As The Young Lady in a Barber Shop at Midnight will be followed by the $10,285 series of prize stories, The Black Cat will in 1902, surpass its own record as "The Story Telling Hit of the Century."

Therefore, subscribe to-day through your newsdealer, your bookseller, or of us direct—50 cents a year. The Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

PICTURE BOOK FREE

TALES AND TAILS is the title of our handsome new book for children, lithographed in colors. It contains very little advertising, and is alive with new and catchy picture and verse. To further introduce Minard's Liniment we will send you with this book a full two ounce bottle for ten cents, coin or stamps, to pay postage and packing. We make no charge for the Book or Liniment.

We have an interesting proposition for druggists. Write us for particulars *to-day*.

MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., Keaney Sq., Boston, Mass.

Mention The Black Cat.

INEXPENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS

CATS IN POSE AND REPOSE

Twenty full-page Platinoprints of tabbies, on special rough paper. Special etchings, special prints, elegantly covered. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

MUSICIAN'S CALENDAR, 1902

Eight pages, 9 x 5¼ inches. Eight Platinoprints of old masters and monthly calendar. Two colors ink. 15 cents each, eight for $1.00, postpaid.

MUSICAL CALENDAR, 1902

Size, 11 x 14 inches. Movable cards, with Platinoprints of the great maste[illegible]d their choicest expressions in words, and twelve months' calendar. Unique cover, corded for hanging. Price, 25 cents each, five for $1.00, postpaid.

THE MUSICIANS AND WHAT THEY SAID

Twenty pages and cover. Pictures of the masters of music and the[illegible]ous *bon mots*. Platinoprint paper, superbly printed. 25 cents each, five for $1.00, postpaid.

GEMS

A rare volume of unique poems. Forty-eight pages of elegant printing and a cover in colors. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

There are many we should like to remember at Christmas time with some inexpensive yet suitable gift. The above articles exactly fill the bill.

Order now, before the stock is exhausted.

THE SPARRELL ART COMPANY

55 Franklin Street **Boston Mass.**

Bind in

Volume 7, numbers 1-3

bound with volume 6.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, TWO COPIES RECEIVED JAN. 7 1902 COPYRIGHT ENTRY Dec 26, 1901 CLASS B, XXa. No. 19824 COPY B.

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

No. 76. JANUARY, 1902. 5 cents a copy. 50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories—every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION.— *The entire contents of* THE BLACK CAT *are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.*

For the Sake of Lize.*

BY C. B. LEWIS.

THE fire roared, the corn-mash steamed and a trickle of moonshine whiskey came from the still. A tin cup was placed under the spout, and six men craned their necks and watched the flow until the quantity had become a "three-peg" drink. Then it was silently and solemnly handed to Uncle Ben, the oldest man and the leader, and he raised it to his lips and slowly and solemnly drank the fiery liquid without a choke. When it was down he smacked his lips, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and said:

"Boys, it's the real stuff, and we may reckon to consider that we've got to work at last."

It had been three years since the buying of that still was first mooted among the mountaineers. The men had trapped for furs, cut wood, got out railroad ties and earned a dollar any other way they could, and the women had dug roots and gathered barks and "'oted" the loads to town on their own shoulders. It takes cash [illegible] a still and pay freight — a tidy little sum — and those six

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $500 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

AP2
.B6

mountaineers had worked and saved and denied themselves for years. The feat had been accomplished at last. The still was at work in the bottom of Big Ravine, and the copartners swung their caps and cheered. It was an illicit still; it would be hunted for; if discovered it would be doomed and its owners sent to prison. Those things didn't worry the mountaineers, however. They would turn their corn into whiskey, their whiskey into cash, and for the next ten years they would live easy lives. There were seven owners of the still, but only six families at Beaver Cove. The seventh owner was a young man from North Carolina, named Tom Meacham. He had been admitted because he had run a still in his own State and knew all about it, and because he had a hundred dollars in cash to invest. He came on the recommendation of Uncle Ben Tillman, who had known him long and could vouch for his squareness, and he was received without question and made his home at Uncle Ben's.

The only child of the Tillmans was Lize, a girl of nineteen on the day the still came. She was a child of the hills, born and bred, but nature had been kind to her in face and figure, and ambition had aided nature. For a distance of twenty miles around she was spoken of as a "right smart gal." Among the half-dozen young mountaineers who paid her court with a view of jumping the broomstick in her company was Lije Taylor. Lije was shackelty; he was ornary; he was awkward and uncouth. He realized his failings to the fullest extent, but if Lize Tillman would consent to "jine up" with him and live in a pole-cabin without a floor and cook his bacon over a fire outside, that would be his good luck. It didn't take him long to discover that Lize wouldn't do anything of the kind. She felt herself so far above Lije Taylor that she wouldn't sit on the same log with him at the door of the cabin of a summer evening. By all the laws of human nature he ought to have sulked and moped, but he was an exception. When Tom Meacham came along and was called "a heap of a feller" and at once made an impression on the girl, Lije proved himself another exception. Instead of going into ambush and shooting his rival in the back and thus clearing the field, he bore him no grudge. In his way he had a great reverence for Lize. He looked upon her as the only woman on earth. Had she asked him

to get down on hands and knees and follow her like a dog he would have gladly obeyed. He had been refused himself, but he felt that it would be a good thing for her to marry Tom. Tom had some pretense to looks and figure, and was ambitious and would be worth a mule and a regular cabin some day. Thus it will be seen that though Lije was ornery in a general way, he had offsets for which he ought to receive due credit.

There was no secret of the still at Beaver Cove. Even the six-year-old children knew about it. The mountaineers trust each other as no other people do. The revenue agents might have come and talked for a week and they would have received no hint, and they might have searched for a month and not found the still in the Big Ravine. Moonshine whiskey was produced by the barrel and found a ready sale. For three months the still was worked night and day, and nothing happened to make the law-breakers afraid, and during this time Tom Meacham and Lize Tillman became engaged. In the case of most any other couple on the mountain an engagement would not have lasted over a week. Then the happy individuals would have joined hands, jumped over a broomstick held by the father and mother clear of the floor, and would have looked upon themselves as settled for life. With this couple it was different. They belonged to the aristocracy. They wanted to spin out the engagement and have it talked about. When the marriage day arrived they wanted to have a large gathering and be married by a "regular preacher." Uncle Ben and Aunt Nancy thought it was going to a good deal of useless bother and expense, and yet at the same time they were secretly pleased at the idea of a "blow out." It would beat a log-rolling or husking-bee, and secure the social standing of the young folks for half a century to come. While the still worked the engagement waited. While the engagement waited Lije Taylor communed with himself:

"Dod rot my hide, but why wasn't I fitten like Tom Meacham? I'm a-luvin' Lize Tillman as a mewl luves thistles, but she ain't fur me. She wouldn't look at my old butes if they wuz full o' greenbacks. Howsumever, it ain't no use to cry. If I ain't fitten, then I ain't. If I ain't fitten and never kin be fitten, then it won't do no good to worry."

He got a day off and walked down to Bristol. He had a quarter

in his pocket, and though his heart was a bit sore he had about made up his mind to buy a yard of pink or blue ribbon to add to the bridal trousseau. He would give it to show that he could rise to the occasion. When he reached town he decided on pink. He found a yard at fifteen cents, and the remaining dime was invested in tobacco. Lije was enjoying himself by wandering up and down the streets when a revenue officer invited him into a saloon and bought him beer and cigars. Suspicion had been aroused over the product of the new still, but the officers did not know which way to turn. This man set out to pump Lije, but he might as well have tried to extract honey from a rock. The moonshiner "reckoned" and "considered" and "dod rotted," but he gave up nothing. After an hour's hard work the attempt was abandoned. Left to himself, he tilted his chair back to loaf for awhile longer, and of a sudden the door of a back room opened and Tom Meacham and a revenue officer appeared. Tom had also been put through the pumping process, and as he was half drunk and the officer's face wore a bland smile Lije jumped to the conclusion that something had happened. He believed Tom to be loyal, but under pressure he might have given away something. Meacham passed out without seeing the other, and it was next morning before they met at the still. Three nights later a force of revenue officers raided out of Bristol and captured the plant. As luck would have it, all the moonshiners escaped. The still was destroyed out of hand, and though no arrests were made every man in Beaver Cove realized that he was suspected. It was a hard blow to them. They were dumb for a day or two, and then Uncle Ben called them together and said:

"See yere, boys, this was a give-away. Them critters made a straight path to the still. Thar's seven men of us, and one of the seven has got to die! Yo' hear me when I say he has only a week to live!"

"That's right — death to the informer!" all replied in chorus.

The informer against a moonshine still takes his life in his hand. If he dallies by the wayside he is a doomed man. He must leave his home and his State if he would live to make use of the blood-money, and he cannot go too far away. The puzzle in this case was that no one was missing. This seemed to prove that

no one had been bribed, but who of the seven had chattered? When a man with a secret chatters, the secret is no longer his alone. Who had been down to Bristol within a week? Tom Meacham and Lije Taylor. Had they chattered? Had they "met up" with the revenuers? Lije told the truth. He had been approached, but he had not betrayed them by word or look. Meacham made no admissions. It was Lije who was put on the defensive, and in half an hour he knew his fate. He hadn't taken blood-money, but he had chattered. As the still had been raided it was a distinction without a difference. He was marked for death. They went away and left him sitting on a log in the woods. He would not try to escape; he would be on hand when wanted. When the men had departed he let his face fall into his hands and mused:

"Tom did it — did it as suah's I'm bo'n! Got boozy and bragged, or mebbe one of 'em followed him home. It's laid to me, and they'll kill me. I could hev told on him, and proved it, too, but what would hev happened to Lize? They ar' to be married, and it would hev dun broke her heart. I'm shacklety. I'm ornary. I ain't fitten. I ain't goin' to bust up no marriage and break hearts and scandalize folks jest fur the sake of livin' on and bein' Lije Taylor. Let 'em kill."

A traitor had been doomed to death. There was no hurry about disposing of his case. Once his fate was settled he was treated like a guest. He had a cabin with an aged mother, and was her sole support. She knew of his doom before he reached home. When he arrived she hastened to set the best before him. She filled his pipe and brought him a coal to light it, and she drew her own rocking-chair to the fire and gave up her place. She looked at him in mingled love and pity, and he looked her full in the face for the first time in a year. She asked no questions and he volunteered no information. It hurt her to think that a child of hers should have turned informer, but he was preparing himself to pay the penalty like a man. They sat for an hour without speech, and then he rose up and passed out and took his way to Uncle Ben's. He pulled the latch-string and entered the cabin to find the people sitting before the fire. They greeted him one after another and then fell into conversation. They talked of

everything but the raid on the still. They laughed and joked and ate apples and pop-corn, and when Lije got up to leave he felt that he had thoroughly enjoyed his visit. Next day he put on his best clothes. Some of the men went away with their axes or rifles, but he went visiting. He was welcomed at each cabin. He was given more attention than for years before. When he finally brought up at Uncle Ben's, Lize brought him a mug of cider and a doughnut and smiled sweetly on him and asked after his mother. When he went away he sat down on a stone by the roadside and said to himself:

"Shuck my hide, but I orter be willin' to be shot fur all this! They're pilin' it on bekase they know I've got to go, but it's powerful pleasant jist the same to a man who ain't fitten. I'm going right to the end without a whimper, but I kinder wish Lize knowed about it — jist a leetle mite. I wish she kinder suspected that it wuz all fur her sake. Then she'd sort o' think I wasn't so ornary arter all."

The days passed and Lije sat on his doorstep and smoked or went visiting among the neighbors. Six days had gone by when he went down to Uncle Ben's at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The old man sat in his door with the Bible on his lap. He knew that Lije stood before him, but it was a long time before he looked up and removed his glasses from his eyes. Then he extended his hand and said:

"Howdy, Lije? I was spectin' yo'. I reckon yo've got a razor in the house? Yo' might shave yo'rself to-morrer and comb yo'r ha'r. To-morrer night, long 'bout nine o'clock, yo' might show up at the big chestnut. That's all, Lije. Go in and see the folks."

When Sunday morning came Lije's mother knew that it was his last day. She asked no questions, but she knew. She redoubled her motherly attentions, but of all the words spoken none referred to the subject nearest their hearts. After breakfast he shaved for the first time in a year. Then he took some coon's fat and soot and greased his boots. It was nearly noon before he tore a fly-leaf out of an old book, and with a stub of a pencil sat down on the floor and after much mental and physical effort wrote a few words. When he had finished he folded the paper up and handed it to the mother.

"It's fur Lize," he said as she looked an enquiry. "It's fur Lize — after I'm gone."

The woman turned and walked across the room to the family clock, and opening the door she dropped the note in and started the half-stopped pendulum into full swing again. Then she turned and held out her hand to her son. He took it in a careless way and looked over her shoulder out of the open door. When he dropped the hand he walked out and down to the road. She was standing in the door, as he knew, but he did not look back and she did not call out. The afternoon was spent gossiping with the men and women and playing with the children. When supper time came he sat down with the family at Uncle Ben's. He was there at seven o'clock and at eight, and up to a half-hour later. Then he rose and yawned and stretched and said he guessed he'd jog along. There was hand-shaking and all bade him good-night. At nine o'clock to the minute he was under the big chestnut tree. He drew himself up, caught his breath once or twice and clenched his fingers, and then he stared into the darkness and waited. He neither looked for men nor listened for footsteps. He neither defied nor begged for mercy. He knew that some one was there in the bushes — the hiding man knew that he was there. He thought of Lize — of the note in the clock — and waited — and waited — !

. . . . . .

"Fur yewr saik," read the note which was placed in the hands of Lize Tillman two or three days later. She wondered and speculated, but she might not have solved the puzzle had she not gone down to Bristol to make a few final purchases for the wedding. There she met a citizen who told her enough to excite her suspicions as to who the real culprit was. She at once set out for home. Uncle Ben was asleep in his chair when she arrived, and her mother was at a neighbor's. Meacham, as she knew, was cutting wood at a point half a mile away. With the ill-spelled note in her bosom and a rifle on her shoulder she started up the mountain. The blows of the axe became clearer as she advanced, and she finally stood beside the man who wielded it. He greeted her with a glad shout, but she was pale-faced and her eyes glistened.

"Read that!" she said as she thrust the note into his hand.

"And now explain why you were smoking and drinking and visiting with a revenue officer three days before we lost the still!"

His face grew white and his hand trembled so that he lost his hold of the note and it fluttered to the ground. He had not knowingly betrayed the still, but all along he had had a feeling that he had chattered in his cups. He had wondered why Lije did not protest his innocence if not guilty, and now here was a scrawl that explained all. Lije was shackelty and ornary, but he made a heroic sacrifice. He had assumed the guilt and gone to his death for the sake of Lize.

"You traitor!" hissed the girl as she noticed his signs of trepidation — "you traitor and coward and skulker!"

He held up his hand in protest and would have spoken, but she pointed down the valley and said:

"Go! Go now!"

For ten seconds he looked into her face in hope to find a line of weakness. It was as hard as iron. Then he stuck his axe into the log, picked up the jacket he had thrown off, and with a groan on his lips he headed down the mountain. As he went, the girl dropped on one knee and brought the rifle to her face. She was bringing the sights fair between his shoulders, and her finger was pressing the trigger, when a great sob rose in her throat, her eyes overflowed, and she laid down the gun and moaned:

"I can't do it! I can't do it! He chattered and betrayed us, and he let Lije go to his death, but I have loved him — I love him! No! No!"

And rising to her feet she picked up her note and tore it in pieces and tossed them aloft, and like snow-flakes the bits of paper went flying after the man who had gone out of her sight and her life forever.

A Model Man.*

BY EDWIN E. STILLMAN.

HERE had come a day of reckoning, as in nature there was bound to come, sooner or later, and, looking the situation squarely in the face, Benton Schuyler was forced to admit that the situation looked unpleasantly dark — in fact, black in the face. Here was he, of good family, thirty years of age, passably good looking, with a good education, good health, and a good appetite — but with no visible means of support. Only the blind trust of his landlady stood between him and — well, he shuddered to think what would have become of him but for Mrs. Green's kindness. She certainly could not have been actuated by selfish motives.

"By Jove! I'm about down to cases!" he confided to his cigarette, as he sat idly blowing smoke rings. "What an ass I was to meddle with the whirlpool of finance! I might have lived in comfort; but I wanted luxury — I wanted wealth; I saw visions of millions, and now — the vision is vanished."

He arose, flicking the ash from his cigarette, and walked to the window and stared out vacantly. Then he turned back impatiently, picked up a paper and cursorily glanced it over, till his eye chanced upon the following advertisement:

> **WANTED.** — Young man; athletic, square-shouldered, five feet ten, thirty-eight chest. Right party will be given desirable employment at fair compensation, with fashionable clothes free. Apply to AIGUILLE & CISEAUX, French Tailors, Leader Building.

Schuyler's curiosity was decidedly piqued.

"Some new advertising scheme," he thought. "What can they want — a 'dummy,' a 'sandwich' man or a drummer? and why the exact measurements?" He was puzzled, but made up his mind that, as he must do something soon, and as he would about

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

fit the measurements named, he would see what the game was, though he meant to draw the line at "dummying" or "sandwiching."

When he reached the place, which proved to be a very exclusive establishment, he found a dozen or more in line ahead of him, of all sorts and conditions of men. The line was quickly disposed of, however, and he saw his fellow-applicants turn away with disappointed faces. When his turn came he was shown into an inner room and faced a small, nervous, dark-complexioned man, who looked him over, asked him to step upon a tailor's stand, and then carefully went over him with a tape, measuring height, chest, waist, arms and legs, in regular tailor measurements. Then, to Schuyler's surprise, the little man clasped his hands, rolled his eyes and seemed to go into ecstasies.

"Ah! my dear sair!" he cried. "Eet ees beautiful — beautiful! Eet ees exact! Ve vill not have to look further. Eet ees pairfait!"

"Well, what the deuce is it?" Schuyler inquired. "What do you want me to do? I don't know yet that I want the job."

"Not want ze job! *Ma foi!* Eet ees a vair' good job. Dare is nozzing to do but come vun hour two–tree time ze veek, and be feeted for ze fashionable habits."

"But what else? drum up trade, or what?" asked Schuyler.

"*Non*, nozzing, nozzing — you do nozzing but come ven I tell you, and every two veeks you get ze new suit and ze cash pay."

"Well, this is easy," thought Schuyler. "A new suit every fortnight and a salary for doing nothing. I'll try it, just to see if there isn't some trick."

So the bargain was made, and Benton Schuyler entered upon his new duties with much mystification and not without some misgivings, for common sense revolted at the idea of getting something for nothing, as it seemed. His employers persistently refused to enlighten him as to their purpose in employing him, and he made up his mind to take the gifts the gods gave and be content. True, the pay was a mere pittance, but as he had been brought up to economy, he managed very well. It was only in the last few years, since his father's death, that he had acquired the expensive habits and spendthrift friends that had tempted him

to risk and lose his patrimony in Wall Street. He had risen from the wreck undaunted but ill-armed against an unsympathetic world, having no profession to fall back upon. Here, then, through the intervention of Providence, it seemed, had good fortune come his way, and though he did not rush back to his quondam boon companions, neither did he avoid them.

Thus things went on for some months, and Schuyler found himself the possessor of a dozen suits of fashionable and expensive garments — and of a mystery still unsolved. What especially puzzled him was that his tastes or desires were never consulted as to the material or make of the garments he received, and once, when he hinted that his dress suit was getting a little rusty and that a new one would be very acceptable, little Ciseaux held up his hands in holy horror at his assurance. Another thing that puzzled him, too, was the fact that he received only about half the suits made to his measure, and then not for several weeks after he knew they must have been finished.

One day he was trying on a new coat he had just brought home, when he noticed a slight rustling, and, feeling in the breast pocket, discovered a dainty violet-scented note. Unfolding it, he read:

> *Prince Hal:* — Would your Highness condescend to accompany your dear coz Thursday evening to see Mansfield enact King Hal?
>
> With love, KATE.
>
> R. S. V. P.

No envelope, no address, and no clue as to how it got into the pocket of the coat. That was all — not much, truly; yet enough to whet Schuyler's curiosity exceedingly. Was it some trick or trap? Perhaps the tailors could explain. He would ask them. No — on second thought, he determined to try to unravel the whole mystery himself.

He was lounging in the Waldorf-Astoria reading-room one afternoon when some one clapped him on the back with a "Hello! old chap!" He turned and stared into a comely face, at the instant distended by a broad grin. The grin died away and was quickly followed by a look of embarrassment.

"You have the advantage of me," remarked Schuyler, coolly.

"Beg pardon! Deuced awkward, you know. Mistook you for some one else. My name's Clinton — Henry Van Tassel Clinton."

"Ah!" said Schuyler, grinning in turn. "I think I used to know you at Harvard — my name is Benton Schuyler."

"What? Schuyler, old man, glad to see you. Come on — we'll exhilarate."

Clinton proved to be a capital companion, and though the two young men had hardly been on speaking terms at college, the mellowing influence of time caused them to see those old days as through a rosy mist, and they were soon cordial friends. Clinton insisted on whirling Schuyler around in his automobile, introducing him to numerous friends, and declaring that he should take a yacht trip later on. He seemed to be burdened with money, and would not allow Schuyler to pay for anything, for which, though he could not help feeling like a parasite, Schuyler was nevertheless thankful.

One evening in early summer Schuyler met Clinton coming from the hotel restaurant with a handsome young woman.

"Hey, Schuyler! Come here!" he hailed. "You're just the man I want to see. Kate, allow me to introduce an old college chum, Mr. Benton Schuyler; my cousin, Miss Edgerley, Schuyler."

Schuyler looked into a pair of as merry black eyes as ever twisted the heartstrings of a man or turned his brain topsy-turvy, and murmured:

"I am exceedingly pleased to meet you, Miss Edgerley."

She held out her hand unconventionally. "And I to meet you, Mr. Schuyler. Prince Hal has often mentioned you in the most glowing terms, so, you see, I already knew you."

Prince Hal! Kate! Ah! here was a clue to the mystery. But what did it lead to? The riddle only grew darker.

"What I wanted to say, Schuyler," said Clinton, "is that I am making up a coaching party to go out to the Auld Reekie Golf Links to-morrow to the amateur championship, and we want you to come along — don't we, Kate?"

"Yes, and we won't take 'no' for an answer," assented Miss Edgerley.

"Then there is no other alternative for me," said Schuyler smilingly.

"We will start from the hotel here at nine o'clock, sharp. Be on time, old chap. Ta-ta!" said Clinton, and so they parted.

Schuyler remembered next morning that he had an engagement with the tailors, and feared the consequences if he did not keep it, as he had been warned when he had missed once before, but the thought of two witching black eyes drove every other consideration from his calculations. He put on a tweed suit he had not worn before, and hurried off to the rendezvous.

They were a gay party, and all enjoyed to the full the exhilarating morning ride through the country and the al fresco lunch on the grounds later. Schuyler was constituted Miss Edgerley's escort, and they followed the players over the course with enthusiasm. During one of the most exciting periods of the game a sudden shower came up. Miss Edgerley disdained to run to cover from a little rain, so Schuyler protected her as well as possible with her sun umbrella, turning up his coat collar and making the best of it. Suddenly he became aware that Miss Edgerley's eyes were fixed intently on him. What was it? Her face expressed surprise, mortification, indignation — he could not tell just what, but her gaze seemed to rest on his person below his face in a strange, fascinated way. At length she reached out a white, taper finger and touched the lapel of his coat.

"Where did you get that?" she exclaimed.

"What?" Schuyler looked, and there, pinned under the lapel of his coat, was a tiny miniature of Miss Edgerley, set in pearls. His own surprise surpassed that which her countenance expressed. Just then Clinton came up.

"What's the row?" he exclaimed. "Eh! Where did that come from?" he added as his eyes lighted on the miniature. Then he looked Schuyler over from head to foot and a quizzical expression overspread his good-humored face.

"To tell you the truth, I do not know how I came by this," said Schuyler. "Upon my word of honor it is a mystery to me, for I did not put the pin there." But he said to himself, "Confound those tailors!"

"Who is your tailor?" inquired Clinton, as if reading Schuyler's thoughts.

The young man hesitated — but was saved.

"Aiguille & Ciseaux," he replied.

"Ha! ha! I thought so," cried Clinton. "You put that pin

there yourself, Kate. Don't you remember this suit of tweeds?"

They both laughed, looking Schuyler up and down, while he stood confounded.

"Excuse us, old man," continued Clinton. "You have been shamefully imposed upon by those swindlers — but it *is* funny. I'll tell you how it is. You see I was out of conceit with everything English, and so went to these French fellows for my clothes, and as I am too lazy to go and be fitted myself, I conceived the happy idea of hiring some fellow to do that for me. Ciseaux found a man of the same measurements, and so I was relieved of the annoyance of fitting, you know. Out of charity and to get rid of some of my surplus clothes I returned some of my discarded suits to the tailors, to be given to my model, but it is quite evident that they have been palming them off upon customers, instead. This tweed suit was returned with this miniature of Katherine inadvertently left where she had pinned it, and you have been victimized with my cast-off suit. I say, that's for being of a size with me, Schuyler. But it's a deuced shame and outrage, don't you know, though it is so ludicrous."

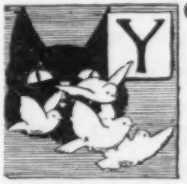
Schuyler joined in the laugh, but his mirth was hollow, and he feared that Clinton more than suspected the truth. If so, he very magnanimously kept silence.

Schuyler's connection with Aiguille & Ciseaux abruptly terminated. He is now employed in the banking house of Edgerley & Clinton, under the special tutelage of the junior partner.

Miss Edgerley, with the sweetest smile imaginable, bade Benton keep the marplot miniature as a memento, and — well, we all know that the Queen loved Ruy Blas despite his servile position.

The Black Token.*

BY JENNIE MARTHA CHENERY.



OU have asked me to be your wife, and although I cannot say "yes," yet some strange impulse has moved me to write this letter and reveal to you the tragic chapter of my past life, which has doomed me to tread, alone and unguided, the tangled labyrinth of human destiny.

You are so wise, so skilled in reading the hearts of men and women, that perhaps you were right when you told me that my nature could never attain its highest development, never be quite complete, until my soul was linked with its other self, its spirit-mate, but, nevertheless, the holy bliss of that sweet companionship is not for me — on earth.

I have longed to be as other women are, and last night when I watched the happy girlish faces float past me in the dance, saw bright eyes droop before the ardent glance of love, I felt more keenly than ever that my burden was heavier than I could bear. And later, as I listened to your passionate pleading, I tried to convince myself that it would be right to give my life into your keeping, to enjoy the peace which your loving care would bestow upon a lonely woman. For a moment the glamour of the hour enshrouded me as with a magic spell; I felt the passion throbbing in your words, listened to the tender strains of the music pulsing through the perfumed stillness of the conservatory, and — God knows — would have given anything, anything, to feel my senses thrill in response to your love, but, like an unrelenting Nemesis, the spectral shadow from which I can never escape rose before me, pointing its icy finger at my shuddering heart, and then I knew that there was no hope — that my life must forever remain accursed, far removed from happiness and rest.

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

And because I esteem you so highly that to bear your name would be a dearly prized privilege, were it possible, I will let you see this phantom that stalks beside me by night and day, robbing life of its beauty and fulness, and then — you will understand.

I was twenty then — only ten years ago — but counting time by heart beats, ages seem to have rolled away since those happy girlhood days.

My education was acquired in a desultory fashion because of the wandering life which we led — father and I — but to me those years were like a beatific dream.

My mother died when I was ten years old and father never fully recovered from the shock of her death. He had idolized her, and she had been the companion of all his wanderings, so perhaps it was not strange that it was his desire to have me ever at his side. And so my knowledge was gleaned here a little and there a little, from Egypt to St. Petersburg, from London to Calcutta, wherever father wished to gain material for his literary work.

It was a strange life for a young girl, and, as might have been expected, I was equally at home on land or sea, with independent notions which sometimes shocked our European friends. Looking back, I can see that my nature had developed in a complex manner as regarded my view of masculine humanity. Father was fond of society — during the hours which he set apart for recreation — and his fame always made our temporary home the rendezvous for men and women whose friendship was well worth having. Among these there were young men, too, in plenty, and I was so far freed from conventional trammels that with many of them I was on terms of the most intimate friendship — will you understand me better if I say of genuine good fellowship?

I lectured and advised them, gave comfort in their troubles, and perhaps gloried a little in being considered a general favorite. Of course, sometimes some of them would talk sentimental nonsense, but my early acquaintance with worldly things had taught me to distinguish between the true and the false, so my brain was not turned with overmuch flattery.

There was one dear boy, a fair-haired soldier laddie — sleeping now in far-off India — who laid himself, his fortune, and his ancient name at my feet with a sincerity and devotion not to be mistaken.

I tried to love him, but soon found that love such as he deserved could not be forced. He passed out of my life, but his grief cast a gloom over my spirits which it required months to dispel.

But although the innermost depths of my heart were as serene and untroubled as the azure field of a cloudless sky, yet deep in my consciousness was treasured the belief that somewhere in the obscurity which enwraps our futures there dwelt the one man in all the world whose voice was destined to rouse my sleeping soul to a new life of romance and beauty.

As I review those days of girlhood I can see that there was more than mere girlish dreaming in my fancy. Perhaps my mind was tinctured with Oriental mysticism; but, however that may be, I felt that my first meeting with this ideal of mine would be so strongly marked by the hand of fate that, on the instant, the veil which hides the unknown would be rent asunder and my affinity would be at once revealed, all powerful to bless my life with sweet fulfilment of all its fancies or to lay upon it the undying curse of blasted hopes.

Never shall I forget that last perfect summer in Southern Europe — never mind the locality, it does not matter now. We had been enjoying a delicious season of rest, enlivened by the society of some dear old friends whom we had met quite unexpectedly. Indeed, so contented was I that, when father at last announced his intention of visiting a city about one hundred miles distant, for the purpose of examining certain manuscripts in a noted library, I begged to be left behind.

At first he demurred, but finally consented that I should remain with the Grahams for a short time longer and then join him at some place to be chosen later.

At the expiration of about two weeks my friends were suddenly summoned to England and father wrote me to proceed to a certain charming little city on the Mediterranean coast, where he would meet me as soon as possible.

Of course it was not quite in accordance with the customs of Europe for a young lady to travel about in that fashion, but my maid was a trusty woman of middle age who had journeyed with me almost around the world, and so we thought nothing of an insignificant fifty miles.

Looking back over the lapse of years I can see that with the beginning of that short trip the joyous sunshine which had hitherto illumined my pathway was gradually eclipsed by the dread shadows of tragedy and woe, grim spectres that were never again to cease from haunting the weary heart which had been laid waste by their fury.

We were to reach our destination about eleven in the evening, but, although the journey was short, we were obliged to spend about half an hour somewhat uncomfortably at a gloomy little station where a change of train was made. There were not many passengers, and being rather drowsy I had paid no attention to my surroundings until aroused from my apathy by a strange, indefinable sensation of uneasiness. Involuntarily I glanced across the room and met the peculiar intent gaze of a man who was lounging against the wall near the outer door. There was something so malevolent in his glance that I hurriedly averted my eyes, but not before his image was faithfully photographed on my mental retina.

A slight, dark man, with snaky, half-closed eyes that seemed to pierce one's soul. Drooping shoulders and hang-dog head together imparted a sinister air to his entire bearing, as if he were continually dodging some expected lurking foe. And his hands — with long, sinewy, writhing fingers — seemed formed to drive home with unerring aim the dagger of the assassin.

I was angry with myself for being so unaccountably disturbed by a trivial encounter, but for a moment an icy, death-like chill swept over me and I remembered that superstitious folk held that such sensations were caused by someone treading on the spot where one's grave is to be.

Not a cheering reflection, but at that moment our train thundered in, and in the general bustle the incident was forgotten.

Perkins and I were soon ensconced in a compartment by ourselves and as the night was warm, left the carriage door open until the guard should come to lock it. The crowd was thinning out, and I observed, slowly pacing up and down the platform, the figure of a monk with head bowed as if in meditation. Gradually he approached the entrance to our compartment, and then, to my amazement and consternation, by a movement almost instanta-

neous one hand shot out from the disguising robe and a small parcel lay on the cushion at my side. There was one fleeting glance from a pair of friendly blue eyes — then he was gone, and the guard hastily closed the door as the train began to move.

For a few moments Perkins and I gazed at the intruding package and at each other with frightened eyes before speaking, then the good woman ventured to ask in a ghostly whisper: "Whatever do you think it can be, Miss Mildred?"

"I don't know," I returned, with a sudden flash of courage, "but I'm going to find out," and before she could remonstrate I was untying the string with trembling hands.

Only a photograph! But as I held it to the light, Perkins gave a cry of surprise. "Bless my soul! It's yourself," and for a moment I thought she was right.

The resemblance was so striking that a stranger might easily have taken me for the original; the contour of the face was my own exactly, and, granted that the coloring was the same, the similitude was more than remarkable.

I turned the card over and perceived a line scribbled in French on the back. Translated, it read: "Found this in G's pocket. Beware. One of the Brethren."

I did some serious thinking during the next few moments, while Perkins watched me anxiously.

"Don't worry, Perkins," I said at last. "Evidently I am mistaken for some one who is perhaps in danger for political causes. Papa will understand all about it, and we will soon be with him."

But, alas for my hopes! No one met us at the station, and upon driving to our old hotel I found only a message explaining that father was detained by business, but would join me at the earliest possible date.

My disappointment was bitter indeed, but upon second thought I decided that it was childish to allow myself to be alarmed by a circumstance which doubtless was already known to be a mistake by the other persons involved. But this conclusion, however wise, did not ensure me a peaceful mind, for although Perkins shared my room, my slumbers were broken by troubled dreams, and morning found me both weary and nervous.

For two days I kept my room, but on the morning of the third

was rejoiced to find that a mental state akin to exhilaration had taken the place of my previous low spirits, and after breakfast I descended to the grounds.

The hotel was a charming, old-fashioned place, commanding a magnificent view of the sea, and was a favorite resort of invalids from all parts of Europe.

We had often been here before and I soon ensconced myself in a shady arbor — a favorite lounging place in days gone by.

And now, as I come to that part of my story which is the beginning of the end, I crave most earnestly that you will view leniently any course of action recorded here that may seem alien to my life as it has appeared to you. Contrary though it was to every principle of my character, yet even now, after years of sober reflection, I maintain that it was on my part unavoidable; that, for the time being, I was not a free agent, but only a mere plaything in the hands of a relentless, inexorable Fate. And so, while the web of destiny was closing about me, I sat among the roses, and dreamily watched the snowy sails drifting — drifting away in a glory of sunshine that was as fair and golden as my own peaceful life — and yet beyond were cruel, surging billows and clouds of midnight darkness which, behind an impenetrable veil, guarded the mysteries of life and death.

And, as I dreamed, the sound of footsteps fell upon my ear, the elastic tread of youth, and my music-loving heart thrilled as I listened to a rich tenor voice humming an old Italian love song.

Involuntarily I rose to my feet, with wildly beating heart, and waited — waited.

The singer came nearer, nearer, was at the door of the arbor, and then, as the voice stopped, I raised my eyes and saw — the living reality of my dreams.

No, we were not insane, nor was it mere blind physical infatuation, but in that portentous moment we both recognized that here was a meeting of two souls that for æons had been destined for each other, and through chaos and the crash of worlds unknown had been drawing ever closer to this hour of union.

I cannot describe him as I would. A tall man, grandly built, with fair complexion, dark blue eyes and curling golden hair — a goodly picture, perhaps, and yet it was in the winning expression

wherein lay the chief charm of the face. But even in that first moment I perceived that the sunny countenance was shadowed a little, as if by the memory of some irremediable evil.

He held out his hands and took mine, trembling a little, into a warm, strong clasp.

"Fairest of women," he said softly, with a wondrous smile which glorified his face. "Is it thou, at last; my heart's ideal?" and then — he kissed me.

That kiss! Oh, God! It was a magical caress, rousing my heart from its slumber to the full flush and glory of awakened love, and still, as I think of that long past time, I realize that the passion which thrilled us both transcended mere earthly love as mortals understand it.

So completely engrossed were we by this wonderful experience that we lived in a world of our own, and mundane affairs did not disturb our exalted minds. I know how insane, how improbable, all this must seem to you, but — God pity me! — it is absolutely true.

Ho told me his name — he was a count — but I will only call him Julian. Beyond that I knew nothing of his life nor he of mine, although he understood that I was waiting for my father. He was a polished man of the world, brilliantly educated, conversant with many languages and peoples, but for all that I verily believe that his reasoning powers were temporarily paralyzed, as were mine, by this fatal love.

I do not remember considering, even for a moment, what would happen after father came; we simply lived in an enchanted sphere, where blue skies, roses and rippling seas formed a perfect background for the soul drama which was here to be played out to the bitter end.

The first disturbing incident came one evening about a week after our first meeting. Julian and I had been strolling on the terraces in the twilight, listening to the music of the band down on the esplanade, but as darkness deepened we retraced our steps to the hotel, and lingered fondly on the broad balcony before bidding each other good night.

Of course there were always people about; probably they thought us old friends or relatives. However, they paid little

attention to us or our doings, and in those romantic Southern lands one does not feel so strongly the restraining force of conventionality.

When at last we parted I went slowly up the staircase, pausing a moment to glance from the great window at the end of the corridor upon the brilliantly lighted scene below.

Merry groups were scattered everywhere, but my eyes soon descried a solitary person, who seemed strangely out of place, and yet about whom there was something unpleasantly familiar. He raised his head, and with a throb of fear I recognized the sinister face of the man who had before disturbed my peace of mind.

With wildly beating heart I hurried to my room — but not to sleep. An unreasoning terror had taken hold of me with a death-grip, and I cowered under the shelter of my bed-clothes like a frightened child.

Morning found me calmer, but I did not venture forth until nearly noon, and then, perceiving no sign of my *bête noire*, I wandered down to the arbor where I had met my fate.

But at the entrance I stopped, alarmed, terrified, beyond the power of speech.

Before me, on a rustic seat, lay Julian, his eyes closed, his face so drawn and corpse-like in its pallor that at first I thought he was indeed dead.

"Julian! Julian!" I cried, hoarsely, at last, springing to his side, but at the words he opened his eyes and gazed at me in such a blank, dazed fashion that I feared he did not recognize me.

"Are you ill, dearest?" I said, gently. "What, oh, what has happened?"

And then to my surprise and distress, a look of such anguish unutterable convulsed his face that I shrank back appalled; but with a sudden movement, fierce in its intensity, he caught me in his arms.

"Child, child!" he implored, in a voice so broken by emotion that it contained no trace of its old music, "for the love of God tell me, who are you? Tell me everything."

"There is not much to tell," I faltered, with what calmness I could command, but I do not doubt that my fear and excitement closely resembled confusion.

"My name you already know; our family history is not especially interesting, but surely you have heard of father. He will, I hope, be here in a day or two, and then — then — " I hesitated, because we had been living so completely in the present that the future had been absolutely a blank, but once more my trepidation must have closely resembled guilt.

Since that day, I have often wondered, in agony of spirit, why, oh, why it is, that in those supreme moments which come to us all, when the happiness of a life-time is hanging in the balance, no whisper of warning comes to us from the unseen world to direct our faltering steps, and so, in that momentous hour, no still, small voice told me that now was the time to relate the events of that night of travel. No, instead, through my lack of perception, the one golden moment passed on into the realm of lost opportunities, and my doom was sealed.

As I still hesitated, Julian leaned wearily back, with a look of utter despair in his eyes.

"Never mind," he said, in tones so low that they were barely audible, "it does not matter now. Mildred, will you mind if I ask you to leave me for an hour or two? I am face to face with a terrible problem, and must fight my battle alone. Later, we will go down to the shore and enjoy the sunshine — while we may."

And so I left him, because in my eyes he was so perfect that in all his actions I could find no flaw, and although I wondered what his trouble might be I had no suspicion that it was in any way connected with myself.

In the afternoon he sent a note by Perkins asking me to join him. I found him again in the arbor, sunny and gay as ever but for a darker shadow in his eyes.

I will spare you the details of those last hours of perfect happiness that were ever to be mine. This long recital must be extremely painful to you, as it is to me, and you can imagine the Paradise in which I walked.

We strolled on the esplanade, we went out on the shining harbor in a little boat, we enjoyed a dainty repast at one of the cafés, and in the early gloaming sauntered back to the hotel.

And then I realized that the hours of glaring sunshine had given me a violent headache and I felt quite ill.

"I must go to my room," I said at last. "The heat has quite overpowered me."

"It is almost dinner time," suggested Julian. "You will be down again when you have rested?"

But I shook my head. "I am very sorry, but I know what this means. These attacks are almost equal to seasickness. To-morrow I will be myself again."

"To-morrow," he echoed, blankly, "to-morrow —" and his handsome face was as white as the face of the dead.

"Foolish boy," I said, with a laugh. "Does the time seem so long? Only a few short hours."

Intimate knowledge of life has taught me that often when the heart is torn and bleeding in the direst extremity of distress, the entire system is frozen, as it were, into an icy composure that may well be mistaken for peace, and so it must have been with Julian at that crucial moment.

We were in a vine-clad nook on one of the verandas and he folded me in his arms, drawing my head to his shoulder and laying his face against mine for one sweet, brief moment; then, with his parting kiss upon my lips I left him, feeling that his eyes were following me, fondly, longingly, as I vanished through the great entrance and left him there — alone.

It was a relief to reach my quiet room and lay my aching head among the pillows, and under Perkins's skilful treatment I soon fell into a long, peaceful slumber.

When I awoke it was quite dark, but I did not mind that, and found it soothing and restful to lie there quietly and listen to the music of the band down on the pier.

But Perkins soon came in through a rear door which opened into my dressing room from a hall which communicated with a back stairway. I thought her voice sounded hoarse and strained, but when she had lighted the gas I was shocked at the expression of terror on her usually placid face.

"Why, Perkins! what has startled you?" I demanded, excitedly, raising myself to a sitting posture.

"Oh, Miss Mildred," she began in a shaking voice, "I don't like to frighten you, but it gave me such a start. Oh, the evil doings of these foreigners!"

"But what has happened?" I asked again, somewhat impatiently.

Then she managed to explain what had so disturbed her.

"Well, Miss Mildred, after you were asleep I went out into the little garden at the back of the hotel and sat down on one of the benches for a breath of fresh air. Just behind me was the little summer house, and presently I heard a voice which somehow made me shiver. It was low, but reminded me of a knife, it was so sharp and cutting like.

"'Yes, it is strange, indeed' was what I heard first, and I could not help listening — something just held me there — 'that you, of all men, should exhibit weakness.'

"I could not hear the answer and then the same voice went on:

"'Hard and cruel? Yes, you are right; experience has not taught me gentleness. But, I do not forget that once you did me a great favor, and now I will be as generous as such a deed will permit. My hand, instead of yours, shall strike the fatal blow; one crime more or less, what does it matter when the soul is steeped in blood? But — you must point the way. There must be no mistake, and no delay,' and then, Miss Mildred, after what seemed a long time, a man came out and walked quickly toward the outer gate, and I saw it was that snaky man we saw the night we came here. Do you suppose he meant murder?" and her voice shook with fear.

"I don't know," answered I, with a shudder, but, strange to say, my calmness had returned. In whatever terrible maze I might be entangled, to-night I must think for myself. My fears might be groundless, but I decided that Perkins and I should take turns in keeping awake and that in the morning I would appeal to the English consul for advice. But the four walls of my room seemed to close around me like a coffin and, after dressing, I opened my door softly and stepped into the corridor; as I did so I felt something brush my hand lightly, and glancing down I perceived a narrow black ribbon twined around the door knob. My first thought was to remove it, but I noticed several children in the corridor and, supposing it to be part of their play, changed my mind and passed down to the end of the long hall to my favorite window overlooking the shining sea.

I had scarcely seated myself in the wide embrasure when hearing steps coming up the staircase I turned around and saw a porter, carrying several satchels, preceding a veiled lady, dressed in black. As they reached the landing she threw back her veil, and as the light fell upon her face, I almost screamed in horror and surprise. Here was the original of the picture which was now at the bottom of one of my trunks. Evidently she did not see me, for immediately she followed the servant to the room directly opposite my own. And here I will say that in this part of the house, which had been built recently, there were no numbers on the doors; a seemingly unimportant fact, but had it been otherwise, I would not now be writing this story.

Almost crazed with fear and bewilderment I crept back to my own room, noticing as I did so that one of the little boys had removed the ribbon from my door and was tying it on the one across the hall through which the veiled lady had just passed.

What could it mean? What terrible mystery was this which seemed to have inextricably insnared me in its closely woven meshes?

But no solution came to enlighten my darkness, and through the long hours of the night — sleepless hours — I battled with the overwhelming dread of some unknown impending evil which had cast its baleful shadow over my heart.

Only the thought of Julian cheered me. I felt that all these dismal fancies would be dissipated by one loving glance, one fond smile, and I longed for the night to pass, that I might the sooner seek his advice and protection.

Faint and weary I feel asleep in my chair just as the peaceful waters of the Mediterranean were smiling and dimpling under the first warm kiss of the rising sun.

Doubtless I did not sleep long — but I awoke with a start to the realization that some extraordinary commotion was taking place in the hall. Hurrying footsteps and shrill voices seemed to proclaim some event of importance, but I waited, not daring to venture forth, and yet living an eternity of agony and suspense.

At last Perkins came in through the dressing room, her face drawn and haggard, her whole expression denoting that something of a fearsome nature had happened.

"What is it?" I managed to gasp in a hoarse whisper.

"Murder, Miss Mildred," she answered, solemnly. "They have just found her, stabbed, in the room across the hall. A lady who came late last night. Oh, we must leave this place to-day, or only the dear Lord knows what may happen to us both."

I did not answer, but raised the window and leaned far out for a reviving breath of the fresh morning air. An unnatural calmness had fallen upon me, and yet I knew that the dagger which had found the heart of that woman across the hall was meant for me — knew it through some mysterious occult knowledge that spoke with convincing power.

A feeling of overwhelming weakness was stealing over my burdened senses, but I resolutely forced it into the background.

"You are right, Perkins," I assented, quietly. "I cannot remain another night under this roof. You may make our preparations as speedily as possible, and we will drive down to the English consul's residence. He will advise me what to do."

My next thought was for Julian. I could imagine how shocked and horrified he would be at this danger which had passed me by, and in fancy I heard his musical voice whispering words of comfort — of reassurance. The thought was like an inspiration. I would dress and go to him at once — he would be somewhere on the balconies or grounds.

When my toilet was completed I left our apartments by the back staircase. I could not traverse the corridor, where, in the dark watches of the night, the midnight assassin had with stealthy footfall crept upon his victim.

I know now that the fever fire was flaming in my veins even at that very moment, for I did not fully realize the awful nature of the tragedy that had occurred, or that danger might still be hanging over my head.

It was like a draught of wine to pass into the glowing sunshine, to breathe the flower-scented air, and, possessed as I was of the one thought of meeting my love — my life — I did not heed the groups of excited, wildly gesticulating people who were thronging everywhere.

Something told me that I would find him where we had first met and so I hurried on — to my doom.

Yes, he was there; but I stopped, frightened, at sight of that heap of humanity, moaning and shuddering, that surely was my kingly lover. What could have happened?

"Julian," I said softly, and then shrank back, aghast at the effect of my voice.

He was on his feet instantly, with a face of such incredulous horror, stupefied bewilderment and paralyzing fright as might be expected if a mortal were suddenly confronted by a shroud-clothed visitant from the depths of the grave, and I saw that speech had failed him, though his lips parted again and yet again.

"God in Heaven!" he ejaculated at last. "Mildred — you here — and alive!" and half unconsciously he drew out his handkerchief and passed it across his quivering lips.

Shall I ever forget that one moment in which was concentrated all the agony of an eternity?

One strong white hand was clutching the handkerchief convulsively, and depending from its snowy folds — dark as the shadow that was falling on my poor heart — a silent, awful witness to the perfidy of man — was *a long black ribbon*.

And then — by a lightning flash of intuition which burned and seared my tortured heart with its baleful, all revealing glare — the whole horrible truth was made plain to my frenzied mind. Every point was clear as the noonday sun.

I knew that my resemblance to the murdered woman had deceived the spy who had seen me on that momentous night at the little station, and that the same fatal likeness had caused the apparent monk to give me his timely warning.

And Julian! Oh, the excruciating torment of the awful moment of revelation when I knew that, while my kisses were yet warm upon his lips, he had placed that damning black ribbon upon my door to guide the murderous hand of the midnight assassin — his confederate in some terrible brotherhood, banded together for deeds of blood.

Better far had it been for me had I even then been lying with my eyes closed forever, but by one of those tricks of circumstance which baffle human reasoning the hand of a little child had guided the deadly dagger to the heart for which it was first intended, and had doomed me to life-long misery.

Flesh and blood could endure no more. The ground whirled beneath my feet, an inky pall, like the shadow of death, fell upon me as I went down — down, in merciful unconsciousness, at the feet of the man I had idolized, and whose beautiful face I was never again to behold with mortal eyes.

I have reached the climax of my story. Long afterwards Perkins told me how Julian had carried me to my room and then departed forever after one long kiss upon my passive lips. For weeks I raved in the delirium of brain fever, and afterwards, when my strength permitted, they took me back to the peaceful shores of England, where in course of time my health and spirits gradually recovered from the shock of the awful events in which I had been inextricably involved.

And now you know why it is that when I see the love light shining in a man's eyes it turns me sick and faint at thought of the devilish deed which could lurk in the heart of the man I loved and trusted, even while his eyes were smiling into mine, his voice murmuring tender words of love into my willing ears.

And one reason more, for which I hope you will not despise me. Five years ago I received a letter. It ran as follows:

MY BELOVED:

You will forgive me now, for I am dying. I could not go without telling you that my love was sincere — that at first there was no shadow between us. Then *he* came, making that awful mistake which wrecked both our lives — and — God help me — there was my oath — the most terrible that human lips can form — taken when I was a mere boy.

I know you have not married; I do not think you will marry. Love such as ours must find its recompense somewhere, and I feel — I know — that my sins here will be expiated by my anguish and that one day our souls will be reunited in some brighter land where there will be no shadow to mar the perfect bliss of deathless love.

JULIAN.

He was right. The mysticism which permeates my nature responds to his superb faith, and I know that beyond the portals of the unseen world my love is waiting, purified by suffering, and that, when my eyes, too, shall close in death, my lonely earthworn soul will meet again its spirit mate, and in that meeting will know the ineffable joy of perfect development, of pure, unselfish love — eternal as the heavens.

My Filipino Watch.*

BY CARROLL CARRINGTON.

IF a man have a big secret in his pocket he should sleep in a different town every night and put as many miles between his meals as he have the stomach for travelling; but mine, as secrets go, was not so very big at the beginning, and when I did stop by the wayside for longer than a night's lodging it was by compulsion of illness, which nobody in the world could recommend as companion to a man in the circumstances I have described.

During a very black week I lay in a room at the Santa Catalina Hotel, where I had been overtaken by malaria while making a restless tour of the pleasure resorts of Southern California. At the week's end I pulled myself together, paid my bill, and was on my way to the dépôt when I fell a victim to a coincidence.

It was during the first stages of the excitement attending that great run of tuna in Southern California waters two years ago, and young Walter Harvey, of the Los Angeles branch of the Hydrographic Service, was taking his first vacation in three years to put in a week of fishing for the big jew fish at Santa Catalina. That is how it came about that I met him coming from, while I was going toward, the dépôt. He seized my hand with the greatest appearance of delight.

"Talk about luck, my boy!" he cried. "Why, it's nothing short of Providential. Where you going?—not away from here just as I arrive!—I should say not! Remember you promised to come fishing with me when I saw you in 'Frisco a month ago—just in from Manila the day before, weren't you? Haven't heard a word from you since—not a word! Where've you been?—and how's the Filipino watch? Was there really anything in that story you were giving me up there?"

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

"For Heaven's sake, don't shout!" I retorted. He had turned me about and was walking me back to the hotel. "You can see that I still have the thing — and I may add that I am getting sufficiently tired of it."

Whereupon I took the secret out of my pocket and showed it to him.

It was nothing but a large silver watch, with Oriental designs on the back and some words in the native language of Luzon engraved in Roman lettering on the inside of the cover. Under these words was the name of "Emilio Aguinaldo."

I had picked it up on the outskirts of Manila the morning after our first battle with the Filipinos. The following night my room at the hotel had been broken into and ransacked while I was on a visit to friends elsewhere in the city; two days later I had been held up by four unknown assailants and robbed of everything I had on me, which happened not to include the mysterious watch, as I had thoughtfully hidden it; and a week later, after a narrow escape from being kidnapped, I had concluded Manila was no longer the place for a pleasure-seeker and embarked as speedily as I could for home, taking the watch with me. Nor had my flight altogether ended with the close of the voyage; for even after arriving on American soil I was still oppressed, in a degree grotesquely out of proportion to the insignificance of the incident, by a constant impulse to run away with my absurd prize, as though it had been the key to some famous international conspiracy.

Even at this moment of my return to the hotel steps at Catalina the feeling came down upon me — and at last with real reason! For here I was to get a shock such as I had never clearly anticipated, with all my running away. Harvey was taking the steps two at a bound, and I following, when suddenly my toe tripped and I was near sprawling my length on the stairs' edge. I had seen something that for an instant took all the spring out of me. A very singular individual, for this part of the country, was standing near the head of the stairway — *a full-blooded Filipino!*

Garbed as he was in American clothes, I recognized his nativity at a glance. He was gazing with small, restless eyes out over the ocean, which stretched away to the other side of the world, straight from our hotel veranda.

Not until the next day was I to catch more than this fleeting glimpse of him, nor to venture an inquiry as to who and what he was, or how and why he had drifted to this out-of-the-way place, six thousand miles from his home; but the mere sight of him was enough to put me in a panic for the rest of the evening, as may be easily guessed. I had reached a point where the mere picture of a Filipino would have driven me off the place. I told Harvey at dinner that evening that I had business in the city which would certainly take me north the following day.

"After we've caught a three-hundred-pound tuna, you may go," he replied.

The next morning was inhospitably cold and dark when we stumbled into our clothes after a wakeful night and stole forth from the hotel, meeting our Italian boatman on the veranda. He had come to wake us up.

"Plenta earla," he commented, taking the traps from Harvey. "But not-a too earla for de sweemers."

"Swimmers!"

"See-a da one sweemer go-a da beach a-reada."

"How do you know he was going swimming?" asked Harvey.

"No go-a da beach fore fun; no go-a da beach and sitta da sand lak da blama fool, you teenk?"

"Well, you can't tell what people will do down here," said Harvey.

I think we must have been fishing full a half-hour when my companion gave a yawn and said it wasn't time for fishing yet and he couldn't for the life of him see why Andrea had called us so "beastly early."

"I not-a call-a you at all," said the Italian, shrugging his shoulders. "What-a time you teenk catch-a da feesh?"

"Not for an hour yet," Harvey replied, winding his line around a peg in the bow of the boat and pulling out his pipe. "I'll have to smoke to keep awake. My neighbor in the next room woke me up at all hours by opening and closing his windows, stamping round his room and otherwise creating an all-night disturbance. He's a queer piece, that chap. Calls himself Señor Analdos."

"Spanish?" I observed quietly.

"Mexican grandee, I'm told," puffed Harvey through his pipe.

"Dead swell and very exclusive. Been here a week, they say, and knows nobody. Dresses with all the noisiness of royalty, but has one of those exquisite polishes you generally see on aristocrats from the Latin countries. As a matter of fact, though," concluded my friend lazily, "the beggar strikes me as having a sort of gypsy air. Looks like I imagine one of those Egyptian magicians would look if Americanized."

"Vare wonderful, vare wonderful!" broke in the voice of Andrea, the Italian. He rested on his oars in some excitement. "One-a day he coma da feeshman's warf an' talk-a da feeshman, an' say, 'I show-a to you da dollare deespeer. You got-a da dollare?' Feeshman pull-a da dollare out-a da pock' an' hand-a man one-a meenit. You see? Pass-a da han' dees-a way"—and Andrea made a sweep upward with one hand—"an' da dollare deespeer. Wait-a da dollare coma back; no coma back. Da man he wait-a, too, an' look-a da aire, but dollare coma no down—nevare. Vare wonderful, all feeshmans teenk. Try-a da more dollare—all go-a up, no coma down. Vare wonderful. Feeshmans teenk he hava da devil een heem."

I felt for my watch. Harvey looked surprised.

"And didn't he give the dollars back?" he demanded.

"How giva back, when he no getta heemself?" asked the boatman.

Harvey was about to reply, but changed his mind and asked me what time it was.

"Half-past four," I replied, returning the watch to my pocket.

"And where are we, Andrea?"

"Closa da whistling buoy, sare. Half-a mile, I teenk."

I could see the tower of the buoy looming in the dark haze ahead of us. It seemed, as Andrea had said, about half a mile away.

"You want to get out of this," said Harvey, gazing around. "We're right in the line of the raft and the buoy, where there hasn't been a fish since the swimming season opened."

At that moment I felt a tap on the side of my coat. I turned questioningly.

"Well," I said. "What is it?"

Andrea raised his brows with answering inquiry.

"What was it you wanted?" I repeated.

"I? I not-a want-a anyteeng."

"I thought you touched me."

"No, sare, I no touch-a you."

"Shut up talking," said Harvey. "Let's get to work."

For the next half-hour we circled slowly around the buoy and fished in silence. Then Harvey wound his line on the peg in the bow again and refilled his pipe.

"What's the time now?" he asked.

The next moment I could have fallen out of the boat with consternation.

My watch was gone!

I had worn it in a small inside pocket of my coat, without any chain, thinking it safer that way. I had consulted it but a half-hour before, and, replacing it carefully, had buttoned my coat over it. Under the coat I wore a sweater, so there was no chance that I had mistakenly placed it in a waistcoat pocket.

The watch had simply been removed in some miraculous way from the pocket in which I was accustomed to keeping it, and in which I remembered with terrible distinctness having placed it such a little while before.

And now miracle was to follow miracle — or else we hadn't done with the first one yet — for while I was still frenziedly fumbling about my clothes I became aware of Andrea leaning forward in strange excitement, with his finger pointed seaward.

"What the deuce is happening anyhow?" cried Harvey, getting to his feet.

I was doubly dumb. Straight ahead of us in the haze of the dawn, I could descry the outlines of a vessel some two or three miles farther seaward. Our own boat was fully three miles from shore; the whistling buoy we could see quite distinctly on a line perhaps a quarter of a mile to the south of us.

Andrea was hauling a glass out of a locker and fixing it to his eyes.

"Vare wonderful!" he muttered under his breath. "I no-a see da boat-a look lak heem before, teenk so!"

Well, I had. Here, in a part of the Pacific at least six weeks' travel from where I had last seen one, was *a Filipino junk!*

It was bearing with good speed southward, but coming in also. It seemed in a fair way to pass quite close to the whistling buoy, at which we also were heading. If we should stop at the buoy the strange craft would come within speaking distance of us, unless she should change her course. Trembling under a three-fold mystery — the hotel stranger, the junk, the magical disappearance of my watch — I urged Andrea to give me the glass and row with all his might for the buoy. Harvey I silenced with a shake of the head.

In ten minutes we had run the boat alongside the buoy and were resting on the side hidden from the Filipino vessel. By poking the glass around the corner I could see the incongruous visitor still coming on, now within a mile of us.

From a dazed inspection of this marvel I was shaken abruptly by a hand on my arm. I whirled about to find Harvey staring at me, his face the color of a bone.

"Pratt," he gasped, dragging me around to where I could follow with my eyes the direction he was indicating with his other hand, "do you see that?"

He pointed to a box-like receptacle in the base of the buoy. It ran all the way through, from our side to the other, and was simply one of the inlets for the air that blew the whistle. Lying face up and ticking away as busily as ever, on the wet floor of the buoy was *my Filipino watch!*

It was enough to take the wits clean out of any man, this startling transition of the watch out here in the ocean, with the Filipino junk in sight, as an evident influence, a Filipino magician on shore, and the devil only knew what else in the wind. To attempt an explanation of how the watch had got out of my pocket and jumped across a half-mile of ocean to the whistling buoy was, of course, beyond me, and I could only crouch in the boat with my two shivering companions and stare.

And so, while we were all crouching and staring, a visible link in the phenomena came before us. A human hand appeared in the aperture in the buoy, from nowhere that we could see, and, laying hold of the watch, withdrew!

Not one of us moved.

We must have sat gazing into the buoy like men dreaming for

as long as you would take to catch your breath after a hard fall; then —

"Santa Maria!"

The Italian's voice rose in almost a shriek. We stiffened in our seats and looked to where he was pointing.

Less than two hundred yards away a man's head was bobbing upon the surface of the ocean.

I turned the glass upon it. At first I could see only the back of it, for it was moving away from us toward the Filipino vessel, which now stood half a mile out; but did not all of us know whose head it was? The foreign magician's, of course — the Filipino whom we had left three miles ashore in the Catalina Hotel.

The next moment he turned and I saw his face. He was swimming rapidly toward the junk.

Andrea caught at his oars and tore them into the waves. The boat moved from the buoy. I gripped the sides and shouted to the Italian to row with all his might.

He was already doing so. But not in the direction I had meant. The boat had turned its nose shoreward and was splashing across the waves with a speed that bent me in the middle with every pull of the oars.

"You cursed fool!" I cried, springing for the Italian's wrists. "If you don't turn this boat around, I'll —"

But he did not hear me, nor feel my grasp upon him. He was rowing with the strength of a madman; terror had put a glare in his eyes, had deadened his senses of hearing and feeling. I called to Harvey for aid. My friend sat speechless in the bow, gripping both sides of the boat for support.

I hardly like to say what happened in the next instant, for at first it will not be credited, on top of the things already mentioned. But this is a narrative — not a story made to order while you wait — and must be kept to the facts.

While I still had hold of the Italian's hands, the boat suddenly whirled its prow around and went cutting through the water like a knife, straight toward the Filipino junk!

The oars flew out of Andrea's hands, the Italian fell in a heap in the bottom of the boat, Harvey gave a hoarse cry of mingled prayer and curse, and I was left to clutch the nearest seat and

gasp while the little craft tore over the white-caps with the speed of an express train!

What was moving it? I looked forward and saw the head again on the water. We should be upon it in a second — we should, at this rate, crash into the junk a second later. What was the invisible power or attraction that pulled us thitherward at so terrific a speed? Impressions of old witch stories flew before my mind — of tricks of sorcery and magic, at which I had always loved to scoff. Then the boat gave a jar, and the man swimming ahead of us was lifted clear out of the water.

He was hanging on to a thick line which stretched far ahead into the sea — Harvey's tuna line, with an immense tuna careering seaward at the other end of it!

"Hang on!" I yelled — for I could see the Filipino was more frightened now than anybody else. "Hang on for your life! Work your way toward the boat."

He had sense enough left to know that if he let go the boat would strike him. He was only ten feet out on the line. The distant tuna had evidently risen near the surface, thus raising the line clear of the water near the boat. The Filipino junk was now but a hundred yards ahead, although sailing away as hard as it could, plainly in a confusion of fright.

"Cut the line!" shrieked the Filipino. "Then I will let go and you can pick me up."

"Harvey!" I cried, for he was in my way — "cut the line, or we'll be dashed to pieces."

He found his wits barely in time to save us. One slash of his knife did the business. The moment after, we had bumped up to the junk, and the Filipino had let go the line and was swimming toward us. He was a superb swimmer, and apparently indefatigable. He called in Filipinese to the junk to stop. Before we could realize it we were all hauled aboard of her by about a dozen Malays. Their captain saluted as we came over the side. Our Filipino stamped his foot.

"To sea!" he cried, shaking the water from his clothes. "To sea as fast as you can go. These gentlemen are very persistent — they do not like to part with what does not belong to them. They have decided to stay with us as far as Honolulu, and perhaps go

all the way to Manila. See!" and he fished the watch out of a bag at his neck. "I had not only to take it out of the gentleman's pocket, but later to remove it from our appointed rendezvous and bring it aboard with my own hands. All my fine clothes are left at the hotel. It is too bad. But I have the Chief's watch. Let the voyage home be a merry one for that."

Well, all our fine clothes were left at the hotel, too — or somewhere near it — and we had *not* the Chief's watch. We decided that the voyage would be merry enough for us by stopping at Honolulu.

"Eet ees all like-a da dollare," mumbled Andrea, the Italian, as we followed a guide to our allotted quarters. "See-a go away; no see-a coma back. Vare wonderful!"

In the Sweetness of Death.*

BY NEIRDA S. REYELB.

PLAINLY it was a farce. That was well understood. But the duellists were certainly guilty of something of presumption to play their little "joke," so solemnly — so realistically — for it must have shocked the invited gathering of young women and their beaux — all dressed as for a summer morning's outing — to see two men walk silently into an open space of ground, separate a few paces, turn upon each other, level pistols simultaneously, and fire!

There were a few gasps and a few pale faces among them, and a few men who became interested. But others laughed, unwilling to seem too easily impressed by this eccentric method of morning entertaining.

Their invitations had simply read: "Come — you will be surprised." And although a man had fallen, grasping, as only a good actor could, the garment over his left chest — the laughter had spread, and conversation began to rise. The suddenness of it had made an unpleasant impression — that was all — and now they would wait for the next event in the "performance."

It was Latture who had invited them, and it was Latture who now lay upon the grass with his hand on his chest, and actually looked pale. And though the surviving principal and a large contingent of "acting seconds" seemed to be having a very hard time to restrain a strong disposition to laugh at how well it was "taking," the audience really did not like it. That was why they talked, and turned their backs.

But they looked back again presently, because Latture was dead. Some one had suddenly called that out, in a horrified way — because blood had been found on the prostrate man's shirt, and because his heart wasn't beating.

* Copyright, 1901, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

When convinced that Latture was really dead all turned to the adversary in the "play" and found him very much confused. "I loaded both pistols myself," he said, "I'll swear that I didn't kill him," and friends there were who were ready at once to swear with him.

But there were, as always, sceptics, and Jervis was held for a trial, which resulted in a sentence of twenty years in prison.

. . . . . .

People seemed to forget Richard Jervis very easily. He had certainly been little liked, though some one had said that it was because people did not understand him.

But the occurrence of that day — the invitation to a murder in the fulness of a summer day — was long remembered by many, though the name of Jervis was only spoken when the story was told on some All Hallowe'en, or other occasion when ghoulish and "creepy" stories take on something of relish, and folks are wont to listen.

. . . . . .

On the night before the death of Latture, he had summoned to him a friend and a notary. And a packet containing a document sworn to by him was placed in the friend's hands, to be opened after ten years should have passed.

"On the tenth anniversary of to-morrow," Latture had said, "and swear to me also, before your God and before men, that no word shall be said of this oath or its import to any living creature until that day!" And it was so sworn.

And now, after ten years, wherein the possessor of the packet had come to know the torment of uncertain things — the harassing burden of honesty — had heard soul-cries, proclaiming that in the envelope there was salvation for a man's life, so that he came to believe that in some way it should finally explain the tragedy of Latture's end, the envelope was to be opened.

So great had been this torment that in the second year the packet had been taken from safe keeping, and a hand laid upon its seal. But at the last moment the custodian said, "I have sworn!" — and so the ten years passed.

Now the full ten years had elapsed, the seal was broken, a written paper lay before him, and he read:

"I, Henry Latture, have confided in you. Ten years ago to-day I COMMITTED SUICIDE! Were I alive I could verify the date of the reading. Pardon the interruption — it is a tribute to your honesty.

"When I first met you I had known Richard Jervis several years — and I came among you to see if his soul had changed, and found that it had not, because he was given to laughing — laughing, after all he had done. Yes — laughing, even with me.

"In the days of my early manhood there came into my life a sort of sun-ray, an ephemeral atmosphere of heaven with a rosy, smiling thing within, a piece of God, in the shape of a woman. And the world came to slip from my recollection because it seemed sordid and dried out. I believe that I came to forget God — except to thank Him.

"Always in the dewy mornings we walked together, our hands swinging between us, and our hearts scarce daring to speak. And so, too, in the evenings. It seemed as though a spirit — the spirit of love and content — joined us in communion, and we scarce need look to see.

"And so passed the days of one whole summer, each day as the day before. And in the evenings, with the quiet and orderly stars above us, we felt that so would be all the days of our lives. For we were to be married, we, who were so much in love.

"But I was called away. It was my father's death, and two months passed before I returned, for I was taken with fever, and had renounced hope of seeing her again, for the priest had come, and I was anointed. But I lived — and this has since appealed to me as a mistake. For Jervis had come where I had left, and when I returned, no less feeble than determined — I found that she was dead. She had died — and it had been by her own hand, and Jervis had suddenly disappeared.

"My friends made me acquainted with all I could bear to hear — that he had courted her, had come often to see her, and that finally — but there! It was an ugly thing — I cannot write about it — you will understand — that is, understand why I hated Jervis.

"Her death at length seemed to me sweet — when I came to think what life would have been had she lived. But since then I

have not cared to live! The spark of animation that made existence bearable is gone — I want to die. To-morrow I will go to join her — my princess. To-morrow I will go!

"And Jervis will be my murderer — and he will suffer. They will not hang Jervis — and in ten years I will release him.

"The little extravaganza that will occur to-morrow morning — the mock duel that my ingenious friends have devised to entertain our acquaintances — will witness my last moments on earth.

"You may go now — I, Henry Latture, who have been dead ten years, send you — to release Richard Jervis. Tell him that were I alive I should still hate him. And accept my thanks for your honesty, integrity and assistance.

"Should further evidence of the truth of the absolute innocence of Jervis be required you may have my bones exhumed, and there will be found between the fourth and fifth ribs on the left side a fine steel instrument that I pushed well into my heart when Jervis fired."

The confession was signed "Henry Latture," and was duly attested by the notarial acknowledgment and seal.

The Tale That Hasn't Been Told

O life is without some spice of romance or adventure — some happening out of the ordinary sequence of events. Stored in the mind of every intelligent man and woman is at least one original story, for the experience of every human being includes an incident or accident — an adventure or a conception of the imagination — which, told effectively, cannot fail to interest. If the readers are in other walks of life, have had other and different experiences, so much more will they be fascinated, for the novel and unexpected constitute the sauce which gives relish to the common fare of daily existence.

Never has the man or woman with a good story to tell had so wide a field, so vast a number of listeners, or so great an opportunity for profit as to-day. And the number of readers increases much more rapidly than the number of writers who gain the public ear. Few with something new to tell that this ever-increasing host of story readers wants to read have found a market, because they are unknown — lack literary reputation, which counts for so much with other publishers and counts for nothing with The Black Cat.

The greatest author is yet unknown, the best story is yet untold, for this is distinctively the age of progress in every department of human effort. The greatest song has not been composed. The last immortal poem has not been penned. The short story that may prove worthy the highest award ever bestowed is now lying fallow in the brain of some reader of this announcement.

$10,285 For Those Who Tell

The prize story contest of The Black Cat which is now open presents an extraordinary opportunity for known writers and the opportunity of a life-time for unknown writers. As, in the interest of its readers and publisher alike, The Black Cat is determined to publish the best stories that genius and skill can produce, all may assist in spreading the board from which they will feast in future by bringing this tournament to the notice of any who have stories to tell.

From the outset, The Black Cat has been conducted in the commonsense belief — which its whole experience confirms — that the art of story writing is not, in this age of intelligence, confined to any section or class, nor to be found in the possession of only a favored few. Accordingly, neither name nor fame has ever counted anything in the judging of stories submitted for its consideration. Neither previous achievements in literature, nor notoriety acquired in some other field, can take the place of merit in the story to be passed upon.

On the contrary, hundreds of men and women, before unknown, have, by its acceptance of their work, found their way into the ranks of the recognized and well-paid authors, and scarcely any of the army who have gained admission to the pages of The Black Cat are personally known to any one connected with it. It matters not whether a writer is known or unknown; if his work excels he has an equal chance of success with any and all, provided his story be submitted in accordance with the printed conditions.

What The Prizes Are

IN this contest the prizes are the richest ever offered for short stories. From the beginning The Black Cat has paid five and ten times what other publications pay and now it surpasses its own unrivalled record. With the lowest prize $100 cash, and many others ranging from $125 to $2,100, their total aggregating $10,285, the opportunity to reap rich rewards is indeed a golden one.

The capital prize: a first-class tour of the world, consuming 179 days and costing $2,100, under the guidance of the famous house, The Raymond & Whitcomb Co., is far and away the most interesting, instructive, and luxurious reward ever offered for a short story; one cash prize of $1,000, one of $500, two of $300 each, a $1,300 steam automobile of latest model; three cash prizes of $200 each, four of $150 each; a $350 round-trip from Boston to San Francisco, consuming 20 days, a $150 round trip from Boston to Cuba, consuming 15 days, with sufficient cash to see, examine and enjoy; a $500 Crown Piano, renowned for its unsurpassed tone, quality and workmanship; five cash prizes of $125 each; an Angelus, $250, that marvel of mechanical ingenuity which plays perfectly any piano and doubles its pleasure; a $100 Oliver and $110 Fox writing machine; fifteen cash prizes of $100 each — these form an array of prizes that should tempt creative brains to tell for The Black Cat the cleverest tales ever told.

How To Win

A competitor need not cross the sea for a plot; need not step over the threshold of home to find material replete with human interest; need not journey beyond the portals of his or her own fancy for a story which, if well told, will charm the reading world. Select a subject with which you are familiar. A better story can be told about Mary Ann than has yet been told about Queen Anne. There are men and women without number who have the sort of stories to tell the public wants, and there are many exceptional men and women who possess ability sufficient to bring them fame and fortune if they could get a hearing. To all these The Black Cat will give a hearing. It is a matter of history and every-day occurrence that other publishers strive to catch popular favor by booming the fame of an author rather than by standing squarely on the merits of the author's writing. Indifferent stories by noted writers are eagerly bought and publicly praised before they are even written, while clever stories by unknown writers go begging for years after they are written.

The story of David Harum was offered to publisher after publisher and its invalid author never lived to see the marvelous success it achieved when it was finally offered to the public. Lorna Doone was rejected right and left. Eben Holden, another phenomenal hit, after being declined and declined and declined, scored so great a sale that its author's later stories were eagerly bought before they were begun.

Your Chance Of Success

OT only in the amount of its prizes does The Black Cat tournament present to writers greater incentives than all other story contests, but the young and inexperienced in particular, whose work, while possessing merit, may still fail when brought into competition with that of the more experienced, find here their opportunity. For in addition to the stories receiving the prizes named on the preceding pages, amounting to $10,285, those unsuccessful in the competition but deemed desirable will, as explained in the printed conditions, receive special awards of not less than $100 each, or we will offer to purchase the same for cash. The increased chances which this gives to all who compete is shown by the circumstance that in previous contests more than $2,000 was paid for such unsuccessful yet available stories. Some stories have good plots, imperfectly developed; others need condensation or editing to be available, but contain clever incidents.

If you are in doubt as to the kind of story that will prove successful read in The Black Cat some of the tales that have won in former contests. The back numbers containing these will all soon be permanently out of print (half of them already are) and the Gripsack offer advertised on another page of this issue is one that every story lover and story writer should take advantage of. It can never be duplicated. Those having complete sets of all back numbers already ask two and three times the original cost.

Merit Alone Counts

From the first, The Black Cat has been exclusively devoted to short, original complete stories; has relied for success solely upon the superiority and excellence of its stories, and its founder and publisher has personally passed final judgment upon the manuscripts submitted. The phenomenal popular endorsement his judgment has received, the fact that no one can possibly have so great an interest in its future success as he personally has — these are the reasons why he will continue to be the judge as to what does and what does not meet the requirements of The Black Cat. In doing this he feels, moreover, that he is simply exercising the universal buyer's right: he who pays is entitled to his choice. That his decisions are free from favoritism and governed solely by merit is proved by the fact that not one of fifty of those whose stories have been accepted is personally known to him. As a check upon the wholesale offering of carelessly prepared, undesirable manuscripts, it is required that an annual subscription to The Black Cat be sent with each story submitted in this contest. As the cost of handling the manuscripts alone — recording, reading, filing and returning — will far exceed the amount received from subscriptions, and as the total outlay connected with the competition will exceed $30,000 the profits from subscription receipts cut absolutely no figure.

To facilitate careful consideration, deliberate judgment and prompt decision, it is necessary that competitors should send their stories as early as possible. Don't wait till the latest moment, but send your story as soon as it is ready, and be sure to comply with the conditions on page 47 of this issue.

BELOW is a list of the prizes. The capital prize--first-class tour of the world ticket--will be delivered to the winner with check covering expenses to Boston and return. The same applies to the 6th and 17th prizes. All cash prizes will be paid by certified check on The International Trust Company, of Boston. The Automobile, Piano, Angelus and Typewriters will be delivered, freight prepaid, at any railway station. If preferred, prizes Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 9, 17, 23 or 24 may be converted into their cash equivalent, less the guarantee already paid to secure their delivery.

Total Prizes $10,285

1st.	Tour of The World, 179 days,	Actual Cost	$2,100
2d.	Surrey Automobile	Actual Cost	1,300
3d.	Cash		1,000
4th.	Cash		500
5th.	Crown Piano,	Actual Cost	500
6th.	Round Trip, Boston to San Francisco,		350
7th.	Cash		300
8th.	Cash		300
9th.	Angelus,	Actual Cost	250
10th.	Cash		200
11th.	Cash		200
12th.	Cash		200
13th to 16th.	Four Cash Prizes at $150 each		600
17th.	Round Trip, Boston to Cuba,		150
18th.	Cash		125
19th.	Cash		125
20th.	Cash		125
21st.	Cash		125
22d.	Cash		125
23d.	Fox Typewriter,	Actual Cost	110
24th.	Oliver Typewriter,	Actual Cost	100
25th to 39th.	15 Cash Prizes at $100 each		1,500

OMPETITORS may choose their own themes. We especially desire, however, stories in which the morbid, unnatural and unpleasant are avoided rather than emphasized. Good, clean, humorous tales are desirable. No dialect stories, translations, plays or poems will be considered; nor any story not submitted strictly in accordance with the conditions. We want original stories, out of the ordinary, free from commonplace and padding, and interesting throughout.

Conditions:

1. Each manuscript must bear at the top of the first page the writer's real name and address, in full (if it is desired that the story be published under a pen name that must likewise be given), as also the number of words it contains, which may range from 1,500 to 6,000, but must not exceed the latter. Other things being equal, the shorter of two stories will be preferred.

2. Manuscripts must be plainly written (with typewriter or pen) on one side of paper only, on sheets not larger than 8 x 11 inches, must be sent unrolled, *postage or express charges fully prepaid*, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelopes for return. Letters advising submittal of stories must be *enclosed with manuscripts*, not sent separately. Manuscripts will be received and returned only at writers' risk. Upon our payment for a story the author relinquishes to us all rights thereto of whatsoever nature.

3. Every story must be strictly original and must, neither wholly nor in part, have appeared in print in any language. Every story will be judged solely on its own merits; the name or fame of a writer will carry absolutely no weight. And furthermore, every story will be valued, not in accordance with its length, but with its worth as a story.

4. With every manuscript there must be enclosed, in the same envelope, one yearly subscription to THE BLACK CAT, together with 50 cents to pay therefor. On subscriptions to foreign countries 24 cents must be added for postage. All money should be sent by draft, postal money order, express money order or registered letter. One- or two-cent postage stamps in perfect condition will also be accepted. If competitors are already subscribers to THE BLACK CAT or submit more than one manuscript, their existing subscriptions will, if desired, be extended or the new ones may be taken in the names of other parties. Any competitor may send as many stories as desired, but with each story all conditions must be complied with.

5. All envelopes containing manuscripts as above must be plainly marked "For Competition" and addressed, "The Shortstory Publishing Company, 144 High Street, Boston, Mass." Their receipt will be acknowledged.

6. The competition will close February 26, 1902. The awards will be paid within 60 days thereafter, and announced in the earliest possible issue of THE BLACK CAT. Should two stories of equal merit be considered worthy of a prize, the prize will be either doubled or divided.

7. For stories unsuccessful in the competition but deemed desirable, we will either award special prizes, of not less than $100 each, or make a cash offer. All unsuccessful manuscripts, submitted as above, will be returned after the contest has closed. The conditions and requirements being here fully set forth, we cannot enter into correspondence relative thereto.

Important. *As no story will be considered unless all the above conditions are complied with, competitors should make sure that their manuscripts are prepared strictly in accordance therewith, are securely sealed in strong envelopes, and fully prepaid. Don't hold your story till the latest moment, but send it as soon as ready, thus facilitating earliest possible decision.*

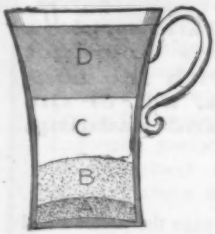
The Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

BEST FOR COOKING

Cream Chocolate

THIS CENTURY DRINK

PRIZE RECIPE BOOK FREE

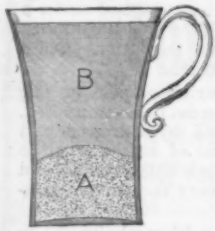


A cup of COCOA or CHOCOLATE made in the old way, in which

A is Cocoa or Chocolate, 1-8 oz. Costs 1 cent.
B is Sugar, 2-3 oz., 1-4 cent.
C is Cream, 3 oz. 1 1-2 cents.
D is Water, 3 oz.

Total cost, 2 3-4 cents.

Add waste, spoilage, time and labor. Result uncertain and often unsatisfactory.



A Cup of This Century drink made in the new way. Cream Chocolate

A is Cream of Chocolate, 1 oz. Costs at retail 2 1-4 cents.
B is Boiling Water. 6 oz.

Total cost, 2 1-4 cents.

No waste, spoilage, time, or labor required. Result, always dainty, delicious and nutritious.

The prize recipes have been selected by Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, Miss Imogene C. Belden and Miss Agnes H. Reigart, all well known authorities on cooking. Our recipe book will also contain many recipes not entered for prizes, some by the judges themselves.

Half-pound can (trial size) by mail, 30 cents, stamps or cash.

Five-pound can (family size) by express $1.97, P. O. Order.

Address,

L. A. ROBERTS & CO.
P. O. Box 151
DANVERS, MASS.

A STEPPING STONE

to an independent and honorable career for both men and women is often found in the Compact and Easily Operated Keyboard of the

Remington
STANDARD TYPEWRITER

A thorough mastery of the Remington means ability to do the work that the Business World has need of.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 Broadway, New York

The Angelus

The Instrument by the Aid of which anyone can play the Piano.

By means of an ANGELUS you can play upon the piano any piece of music whatever—be it classical, operatic, sacred or popular.

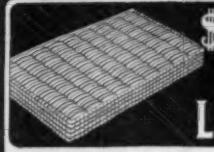
You have entire control of the expression, so you can render the piece just as the composer wrote it, or you can give it your own interpretation, as your fancy or taste suggests.

The ANGELUS ORCHESTRAL contains beautifully voiced reeds, by which, whenever desired, orchestral effects can be produced in conjunction with the piano.

With this instrument, you have at your command, not only distinctly piano literature, but orchestral music as well.

Write for booklet B. C.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY
Meriden, Conn.
New York Salesrooms, 164 Fifth Avenue.



$14 ONCE IN A LIFETIME

for an **"Ezybed" Kapok Mattress**

and you only have to pay the $14.00 after you have tried the mattress 30 nights, as we ship them anywhere express prepaid on **Thirty Nights' Free Trial.** No money in advance. **Send for our free booklet,** "Ezybeds of Kapok." We send a 20x20 inch couch pillow, Oriental covering for $1.00. If you are in a hurry for a mattress send exact measurement of your bed and we will express mattress at once. Regular sizes and prices as follows:

4 ft. 6 in., 4 ft. 4 in., 4 ft. 2 in wide, $14 each. 4 ft. wide, $12. 3 ft. 6 in. wide, $11. 3 ft. wide, $9.25. 2 ft. 6 in. wide, $7.50.

The Bohnert-Brunsman Co., Dept. H, Cincinnati, O.

The Earth is Covered with Velvet to Those Who Wear

Gilbert's Heel Cushions

"INSIDE THEIR SHOES."

Remove Jar in Walking. Increase Height, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Arch the Instep. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. 1-2 in., 25c.; 3-4 in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and department stores.

READ. Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 50 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

CHILDREN TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well Tried Remedy

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the World. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,** and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

ANTIQUES.

Old Colonial Furniture — (Mahogany) — Sofas, Mirrors, Tables of all sorts. Chippendale and other Sideboards, China Closets, High Post Bedsteads, Dressers, Wardrobes, etc., all old, but in perfect condition.

Fine old China, Lowestoft, Bristol, etc., in great variety. Rare old Historical Plates, Pitchers, etc.

Old Russian Samovars, Trays, and many other unique things in Brass.

Large and small Copper Kettles, Jardinières, etc.

Pewter Platters, Plates and Tankards. Paul Revere and Ship Lanterns. Candlesticks in Pewter, Brass, Glass and Sheffield Plate.

Old Colonial Clocks and a thousand other things of interest to lovers of Antiques. Catalogue and Price List on request.

At the sign of

The Copper Kettle.
Mrs. Ada M. Roberts,
2455 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

A Weekly Income While Disabled by Accident

guaranteed by the policies of

The Travelers Insurance Co.

the oldest accident Insurance Company in America and the largest in the world. These policies also guarantee large amounts for loss of legs, arms, hands, feet or eyes; and if death ensues a stated sum is paid.

The Travelers Insurance Company pays over

$1,000,000 per Year to Policy Holders

disabled by accident. Nearly $26,000,000 has been distributed for accidental death or injury among 80,000 Policy Holders. The Travelers pays each year more than any two accident companies combined. Its accident assets are greater than any three accident companies combined.

The Travelers Life Policies

appeal particularly to business and professional men who want straight Life Insurance for the protection of their families at the lowest cost. The lower premiums of the Travelers are equal to a guaranteed dividend larger than any dividend the mutual companies will guarantee.

Let us send you some interesting matter bearing on the superior advantages of the Travelers Policies. Branch offices in nearly every city.

The Travelers Insurance Co.

Hartford, Conn.

(Incorporated 1863)

BEAUTIFUL TABLEWARE FREE

We will give you our handsome **50-PIECE DINNER SET, full size, lavishly decorated and gold-lined,** or 25 per cent commission in cash if you will introduce for us among your friends and neighbors 24 boxes of Salvona Soaps or bottles of Perfume, and to each purchaser you can give a beautiful cut glass pattern, 10-inch fruit bowl **FREE.** We pay all freight charges and give ample time to deliver. Write at once for our new plans showing many useful and handsome articles which you can secure **FREE.**

SALVONA SOAP COMPANY,
751 Chesman Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CONSTIPATION

Cure yourself without drugs or medicines. Harmless and sure. Trial 25c. Call or write for particulars.
PROF. L. S. GEARHART,
14 W. 33d St., New York City, opp. Waldorf-Astoria.

MYSELF CURED

I will gladly inform anyone addicted to **COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM,** of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address
MRS. M. I. BALDWIN P. O. Box 1212 Chicago, Ill.

FAT

How to reduce it

Mr. Hugo Horn, 344 E. 65th St., New York City, writes: "It reduced my weight 40 lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents for postage, etc.

Hall Chemical Co.,
Dept K A, ST LOUIS, MO.

"HOW ABOUT THIS

Another Nickel Candy Cathartic
CANDY ESCULETTS CURE PILES OR MONEY REFUNDED

ETTS ETTS ETTS ETTS ETTS ETTS ETTS ETTS

3,000 DRUGGISTS

In various cities and towns showing the above display, acting as our direct agents, are authorized to refund the money on every package that does not satisfy the consumer in results.

ESCULETTS ARE EATEN LIKE CANDY.

Not a Physic. No local treatment required. Pleasant and absolutely harmless, yet relieve PILES, VARICOCELE or enlarged veins quickly; Curing permanently. Ask your local dealer or enclose 26 two-cent stamps to

ETTS DRUG CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

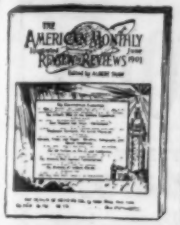
Makes Women Beautiful

Marvelous development accomplished by the new and wonderful "Vestro" method of enlarging the Female Bust.

Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called "Vestro" and is controlled by the well known Aurum Medicine Co.

There is no doubt about the marvelous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about Vestro should send her name and address to the Aurum Medicine Co. They will send free, in plain sealed envelope by mail, a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life showing the actual development induced and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists and prominent ladies all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of Vestro to enlarge the bust no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need do is to send name and address and a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Address
AURUM MEDICINE CO., Dept. D. A., 55 State St., Chicago.



Four Magazines for the Price of One

when you buy them through

J. M. HANSON'S Magazine Agency

To one or different addresses—The periodicals in *any* Combination Club Offer will be sent to one or different addresses. Join with your friends and take all. The subscriptions may be **new** or **renewals** except where otherwise stated. **Renewals** (in place of new subs.) **to Review of Reviews or Current Literature may be included for $1.00 additional to the price quoted for the club.**

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE FOR ONE FULL YEAR.

The Black Cat $0.50
The $10,285 prize stories will appear in The Black Cat during 1902.

Review of Reviews (new) . . . . . { 2.50 / 3.00
Current Literature (new), or New England Magazine may be substituted.

Cosmopolitan or Leslie's Monthly . . 1.00
The Designer or Household or Good Housekeeping or Popular Science News (new) or Modern Priscilla may be substituted.

Success 1.00

$5.50 WORTH Send Us Only $2.75 (Personal ch'ks accepted.) For All Four

	Reg. Price	Club Price
The Black Cat, Success, and Leslie's Weekly	$5.50	$3.00
The Black Cat, Rev. of Reviews(new), Success, and The Critic	6.00	3.25
The Black Cat, American Boy, Success, Cosmopolitan, and Leslie's Monthly	4.50	2.75
The Black Cat, Success, and Cosmopolitan	2.50	1.75
The Black Cat, Pop. Sc. News (new), Rev. of Rev. (new), Success, and Cosmopol'n	6.50	3.25
The Black Cat, Rev. of Reviews (new), Cosmopol'n, Success, and Leslie's M'thly	6.00	3.25
The Black Cat, Success, Current Literature, (new), and Rev. of Reviews (new)	7.00	3.25
The Black Cat, Lippincott's, Success, and Review of Reviews (new)	6.50	4.00
The Black Cat, Popular Science News (new), Birds and Nature, and Success	5.00	2.85

The Black Cat.....1 year, $0.50
Cosmopolitan.....1 year, 1.00
Success.....1 year, 1.00
Leslie's Monthly.....1 year, 1.00
} The Four, **$2.25** One Year.

	Club Price
The Black Cat, Success, Rev. of Rev. (new), Current Lit. (new), North Am. Review (new)	$5.25
The Black Cat, Review of Reviews (new), Success, and Leslie's Weekly	4.00
The Black Cat, Review of Reviews (new), New England Magazine, and Success	3.25
The Black Cat, Review of Reviews (new), Judge, Success and Cosmopolitan	6.75

The Arena, Mind, The Critic or Current History may be substituted for Review of Reviews.

The Black Cat

WILL ALSO BE SENT IN CLUBS AS FOLLOWS:

	Club Price		Club Price
With Cosmopolitan and Lippincott	$3.00	With Cosmopolitan and Country Gentleman	$2.25
With Cosmopolitan and Great Round World	2.50	With Modern Priscilla and Success	1.75
With Cosmopolitan and Arena	2 25	With American Boy and Success	1.75
With Cosmopolitan and Bookman	2.50	With Lippincott's and Scribner's	5.25
With Cosmopolitan and Judge	5.25	With Scribner's and Century	7.00
With Critic and Literary Digest (new)	3.75	With Century and Lippincott's	6.00
With Critic and Great Round World	3.00	With Leslie's Monthly and Success	1.75

Harper's Magazine may be added to any of the above combinations for $3.35. Regular price, $4.00. Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post, $2.00.

The Youth's Companion (including all extra numbers and calendar for 1902) may be added for $1.75. McClure's Magazine, $1.00. Century Magazine, $3.60.

References: Phœnix National Bank, Lexington, Ky., and all publishers.

CLUB RAISERS AND AGENTS WANTED to take orders for our combination orders. Liberal commission paid.

$1,000 IN CASH to agents sending us most subscriptions. Write for particulars.

Address all orders to

J. M. HANSON, MAGAZINE AGENCY, 110 Hanson Blk., Lexington, Ky.

44 PAGE CATALOG OF 3,000 PERIODICALS FREE.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

BY THE ZODIAC.

Get the January issue of **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,** which is for sale at many news-stands (or will be mailed by the publishers for 10 cents), and place this circular astrological disk over the one you will find on page 96 of the January issue of **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,** enclosed within the radiating lines corresponding with those on this disk which hold the sign under which you were born, and you will instantly find your horoscope cast in detail, revealing your fortune by the exact science of astrology. This most marvelous chart and what it reveals are of immeasurable value to you in all affairs of life — business, love and personal affairs. It has taken days and weeks of the most profound study by some of the greatest astrological adepts of the world to prepare and perfect this most wonderful chart.

Zamael, the greatest living astrological seer, and other mystic adepts are giving monthly in **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES** all the secrets and powers of the universe. If you desire success, wealth and happiness, get the January issue of **THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.**

REMEMBER THE NAME

MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

A Large Magazine, Beautifully Illustrated.

Containing Special Articles by Adept Writers, Mystics, Astrologers and Yogis, explaining the

MYSTERIES OF **Dreams and their Meanings, Glorified Visions, Occult Powers, Astrology, Hypnotism, Psychology, Telepathy, Psychometry, Magnetism, Soul Charming, Clairvoyance, Graphology, Palmistry, Hidden Powers, Spiritualism, etc.**

THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF THE KIND PUBLISHED IN THE WHOLE WORLD. THE MOST PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF THE 20th CENTURY. All are delighted with it, because it tells All how to get Occult or Psychic power and force, which make for Health, Wealth and Happiness. **$1.00 a year; three months for 25 cts.; single copies, 10 cts.** For sale at news-stands, bookstores, hotels and on railroad trains, or mailed direct by the publishers. Address,

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William St., New York City.

The President's Message.

IN this country we inaugurate a new President every four years, but the man who has once inaugurated the President Suspender as a part of his wardrobe will NEVER inaugurate any other make of suspender.

The President Suspender has been ELECTED by the popular vote of the comfortable men to the proud position of President of all suspenders. The President Suspender is the ONLY SUSPENDER made which has all the good qualities of the President Suspender. You cannot get the same freedom, strength and wear in any other make of suspender.

Our suspender gives absolute freedom of motion. It gives complete comfort. It suffers no strain to the wearer, garment or buttons.

THE METAL PARTS WILL NOT RUST.

Each pair is warranted and guaranteed to satisfy the wearer. Do not be misled by any claim that the PRESIDENT IDEA can be found in other makes of suspenders.

There is ONLY ONE President Suspender, and that one suspender has upon each buckle the name "PRESIDENT." This is your safeguard and your guarantee.

If you do not care what kind of suspender you wear, if you do not care whether or not you are comfortable or happy, then ANY suspender will do.

If you want the greatest comfort, the greatest convenience and the greatest satisfaction, look for the name "PRESIDENT" upon the buckle of every suspender you buy, and you will know positively that you are getting the best fifty cents' worth of suspender that can be bought. Remember that we guarantee it, and our GUARANTEE MEANS SOMETHING.

There is never but one President of the United States, and there is no doubt as to who is President.

There is never but one PRESIDENT SUSPENDER, and there is no doubt as to which it is.

Get it of your dealer. Don't take substitutes. Price 50 cents everywhere.

LEARN TO HEAL BY MIND CURE.

Any disease will yield to the power of mind when you know how. Greatest science in the world. Medicine is costly and worthless. Do not go on experimenting and losing valuable time. Send one dollar for our new book Mental Healing. W. W. ACHESON & CO., 861 North Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Why Work for Others?

MANY MAKE 2,000.00 A YEAR.

You have the same chance. Start a Mail-Order Business at your home, in any town or village. We tell you how. No license required. Big Mail Orders, Money coming in daily. Large profits. Everything furnished. Our long experience is at your service. If you want to begin, write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars.

B. C. KRUEGER CO, 155 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

EYESIGHT RESTORED

Failing Eyesight, Cataracts or Blindness Cured Without the Use of the Knife.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, the noted eye specialist of Des Moines, Iowa, has perfected a mild treatment by which anyone suffering from Failing Eyesight, Cataracts, Blindness or any disease of the eyes can cure themselves at home. If you are afflicted with any eye trouble write to Dr. Coffee and tell him about it. He will then tell you just what he can do. He will also send you, *free of charge*, his 80-page book, "The New System of Treating Diseases of the Eye." It is full of interesting and valuable information. All cures are permanent. *Write today* for yourself or friend to

W. O. Coffee, M.D., 504 Good Blk., Des Moines, Ia.

If You Write Ads

(and prefer to continue writing your own ads) we have a new plan of help that will save you money, time, work and worry. If you are interested, we would be glad to send you invaluable information — **Free.** Tell us your line of business and mention The Black Cat.

HARPER SYNDICATE
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

CANCER CURED
WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.

Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. DR. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

MORPHINE

OPIUM and LAUDANUM habits cured by OPACURA, a painless home treatment, endorsed and used by leading physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT sufficient to convince you it WILL CURE, sent FREE, with book of testimonials sealed. Correspondence Confidential.

OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. A, CHICAGO.

R·I·P·A·N·S

I take a Ripans Tabule after breakfast and another after supper, then I know I am proof against the greasiest kind of a dish. I have been taking the medicine about eighteen months, and previous to that I had been a great sufferer from bile and indigestion. I don't think there is as good a medicine in the world, for I never have indigestion now.

At druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

Free Trial

DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH

New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "**KILL-ALL-HAIR,**" shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, "**KILL-ALL-HAIR,**" will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

THE MISSES BELL
78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

MORPHINE

Opium habits permanently cured at home. No loss of time from business—no relapses. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). Describe case. DR. PURDY, Room 47, Binz Building, Houston, Texas

OPIUM

MORPHINE HABIT CURED Established since 1875. **30,000 cases cured.** The Treatment can be taken at home without inconvenience or detention from business. Address "The **Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. B. 9, Lebanon, O.**

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

To prove the correctness of my unerring Astrological Reading or Horoscope (**FREE!**) ogical System I will send you a personal type-written Astrological Reading or Horoscope of your life if you will send me your date of birth, sex and 2c return postage. My readings have made thousands of people happy and prosperous for life, and you will not regret it if you write to me. Write at once. All letters held confidential. **PROF. H. EDISON,**
B.C. BINGHAMTON, N. Y. ——THEY CALL HE THE WONDERFUL ASTROLOGER.——

MORPHINE

habit. Contains Vital Principle heretooe unknown and lacking in all others. We resore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all.

PAINLESS AND PERMANENT **A Trial Treatment Free.** HOME CURE Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, **46 B Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.**

Morphine and all Drug Habits CURED ABSOLUTELY

A FREE TRIAL TREATMENT on request. No pain or absence from work. **WE ESPECIALLY DESIRE CASES WHERE OTHER CURES HAVE FAILED.** Correspondence strictly confidential. Write or call.

ST. ANNE LEAGUE, Room 26 € **54 West 23d St., New York City.**

BLINDNESS PREVENTED

EYESIGHT RESTORED

"ACTINA" ***Cures Cataracts, Pterygiums, Granulated lids, Myopia, or Impaired Vision from any cause.*** No cutting or drugging. No risk. "Actina" is a Perfect Electric Pocket Battery. Ready for use at all times, and **will cure an entire family.** Success is assured. Highest references given. Write for our 100 Pages Treatise on the eye and its disease, including a full explanation of "**Actina**" and the principles upon which it is based—**a valuable book free.**
New York & London Electric Association, Dept. 44, 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

TO FAT PEOPLE

I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week without any radical change in what you eat; no nauseating drugs, no tight bandages, nor sickening cathartics. **I am a regular practising physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh;** and after you have taken my treatment a few weeks you will say: "I never felt better in my life."

SAFE, PROMPT AND CERTAIN.

By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for my new book, on **"Obesity, Its Cause and Cure,"** which will be sent sealed in plain envelope. It will convince you. Mention this magazine when writing.

HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.
30 East 23d Street, NEW YORK

IS YOUR HUSBAND, SON, BROTHER OR FATHER A

Drunkard

If so send us your name and address with 4c. to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., we will send you a package of our "Silent Cure" in a plain package with full directions free, how to give it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Silent Cure" for the Drink Habit, and will cost you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes.

MILO DRUG CO., Dept. 72, **St. Louis, Mo.**

OIL--SMELTER--MINES.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & Co

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents,
Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal. Stock Exchange.

66 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Unlisted, our Specialty.

Booklets giving our successful plan for realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc. sent free to any interested on application.

BRANCHES—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Prescott, Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Hartford, Conn.; Halifax, N.S.; St. John, N. B., Montreal and Toronto, Can.

Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party.

Four male, twelve female characters. A new entertainment for churches, similar in character to "The Old Maid's Convention." Such a piece has long been inquired for, and our version of "The Quilting Party" is thus born heir to a great popularity

Price, 25 Cents, postpaid, by mail.

Send for our new catalogue of dialogues and entertainments, free to any address.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.,
No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Cure for the Blues!

Prize Story Gripsack

Through the Forbidden Gates. Carroll Carrington.	**$200 Prize**
The Quarantined Bridegroom. Edna Kenton.	**$150** "
The Gaikwar's Sword. H. S. Canfield.	**$300** "
The Dancing Goddess. W. G. Kelly.	**$100** "
The Train Hunt at Loldos. E. C. Preston.	**$200** "
The Diamond Drill and Mary. H. J. W. Dam.	**$150** "
A Sister to the Borgias. Joanna E. Wood.	**$125** "
The Levitation of Jacob. Clifford Howard.	**$200** "
"Missing." Mary Boardman Sheldon.	**$100** "
The French Doll's Dowry. Florence G. Tuttle.	**$100** "
The Music of Money. Newton Newkirk.	**$100** "
The Haunted Cap. George W. Kelley.	**$200** "
Dr. Goldman. Don Mark Lemon.	**$100** "
The Vase of the Mikado. A. E. B. Lane.	**$150** "
Hans Kremler's Anniversary. Elisabeth F. Dye.	**$300** "
When Time Turned. Ethel Watts Mumford.	**$125** "
Margaret Kelly's Wake. S. C. Brean.	**$500** "

For 25 cents we will mail the eight numbers of THE BLACK CAT containing the 17 capital prize stories here named, together with 23 others that helped win the title, "The story-telling hit of the age." Money cannot buy more fascinating stories.

The Shortstory Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

200 Egg Incubator For $12.80

The simplest, most perfect incubator made in the world. This is a new one at a remarkably low price. It is an enlargement of the famous

WOODEN HEN

and made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg put in it, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly. Write for free catalogue.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

READ

Mala In Se, an intensely interesting melo-dramatic novel by Frank Dewey Redfield, now running as a serial in THE STUB PEN, the best monthly magazine in the Northwest. Only 50 cents a year.

THE STUB PEN,
TEMPLE COURT,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

AUTHORS AND WRITERS, send 5 cents for sample copy and our proposition to you.

$5 FOR AN INCUBATOR. It holds 50 eggs and is equal to any incubator made for hatching. Costs less because it's smaller. THE 50 EGG BANTLING SPECIAL is guaranteed as to results, if you follow instructions. 20th Century Poultry Book explains all. Sent for ten cents. Write for it at once.

Reliable Inc. & Brdr. Co. Bx. B199, Quincy, Ill.

POULTRY PAPER, illus'd, 20 pages, 25 cts. per year. 4 months trial 10 cts. *Sample Free.* 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cts. **Catalogue** of poultry books free. *Poultry Advocate,* Syracuse, N. Y.

SONG WRITERS & MUSICIANS A successful piece will bring you a fortune. We produce meritorious songs and instrumental music on most favorable terms. If you are not a musician we will compose music to your words.

GROOM MUSIC CO., CHICAGO.

I Print My Own Cards Circulars, Books, Newspaper Card Press $5 Larger, $18 Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c. to factory. THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

MAGIC LANTERNS

STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, for illustrating sermons. Many sizes, all prices. Chance for men with little capital to **make money.** 260 page catalogue **free.**

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.

EAT COOK'S

Put in colander

DON'T COOK.

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute

Salt the water

Send One Coupon and 10c. for our Doll

VICK'S GARDEN AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1902

It's more than a seed catalogue—it's an illustrated book of information, helpful to every one who plants for pleasure, essential to every one who plants for profit. Sent free to those who mention what they wish to grow.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Box 1627, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SEEDS VEGETABLE and FLOWER. Everything in the Nursery and Florist's line. Direct deal with us will insure you the best and save you money. Mail size postpaid, larger by freight or express, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Try us. A valuable 168 page Catalog for the asking. 48 years, 1000 acres. 44 greenhouses.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Box 134, Painesville, Ohio.

FREE OUR 1901-1902 CATALOGUE advertising at Wholesale Prices **20,000 BOOKS** sent free to your address. Postage 5c. All books carried in stock. One price to everybody. We save you money.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY,
266-268 Wabash Ave., ... Chicago.
Largest Mail Order Booksellers in the World.

10 THOUSAND INCHES **10** CENTS

Nothing but stories. The greatest amount of reading ever offered for 10c. Stories of LOVE and ADVENTURE over sea and land by all the popular authors. EACH NUMBER COMPLETE. Ten thousand inches would fill 500 columns of ordinary newspaper and 10 cents pays for it all. A whole year's reading. Send silver dime or eleven cents in stamps and enjoy yourself for a year. Address The American Home, 1545 Temple Court, N. Y. City

DEAF NESS and Head Noises permanently cured. Illustrated book and month's treatment free. DR. POWELL, 23E Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

CLASS PINS this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design for estimates. Catalogue free. Bastian Bros., 52 Rochester, N.Y.

A Dollars worth of Tricks and Make-Ups, sent by mail for 25 cents, stamps or silver. A nice Moustache or Full Beard, Rube, Galaways, Irish or Side Whiskers, any color, a Bottle of Spirit Gum to stick them on, Box of Prepared Burnt Cork to blacken up, 1in. Rubber Mouth big teeth Secret and Apparatus for performing the Great Vanishing Half-Dollar Trick, Cure for Love a novelty sure to please. Mention the paper you saw this Ad in and I will put in a heavy GOLD laid finger RING Free, and my large ill's cat'g of Plays, Wigs, Tricks and agents latest Novelties. Chas. Marshall, Mfr. Lockport, N. Y.

FLAKED RICE

FOR BABY TOO.

NEW BORN INFANTS. One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain

Empty into dish.

THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD. Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain

Pour water through

Cook's Flaked Rice Co., 1 Union Sq., N. Y.

Why the Magazine of Mysteries is Successful.

Because it inspires Hope, Courage and New Life; its editor and the Mystic Adepts who help him are all cheerful, happy, healthy and prosperous.

We all love humanity in the broadest sense, and our love makes us workers on the universal plane.

We are optimistic and see the good in the world rather than the bad.

We know that the goal of each soul is the same; that some time and somewhere man will realize his oneness with the Great One—God—and be then eternally joyful.

We try to impress the minds of our readers with the truth that they can all have peace and happiness here and now.

We know that the Great Father is all Love, all gentleness, all kindness and all tender mercy, ever ready to take us gently by the hand and lead us in the path of Light and Truth, if we but open our minds and hearts to Him.

We know that the blessed angels are ever near, trying to reach out to us and help us, and this is what we persistently and patiently tell all of our readers.

We further know that these very angels are constantly helping us with their messages in making this Magazine a beacon light to the sad and sorrowful; its every page vibrates with the truth of this statement.

No one can read this Magazine of Mysteries without feeling the high vibrations of our souls and also the vibrations of those souls who have passed on to the Brighter Spheres who still, through their tremendous love for humanity, choose to work through us as mediums.

We thrill our readers with vibrations of joy and happiness, and each issue inspires thousands of readers to live nobler and grander lives.

Most of our readers are delighted to spread broadcast this higher thought, and to that end send us many subscribers, so that with the December issue, to fill all the demands of newsdealers and subscribers, we printed 40,000 copies.

Think of it! 40,000 copies at the end of eight months!

Was there ever such a success in the history of a magazine published along these lines?

Surely this is the Soulful Age!

This is the Age when souls are seeking as never before for the true Psychic Light.

This is the Twentieth Century Magazine.

Ten years ago the great success we have achieved would not have been possible.

Our tremendous success clearly shows that a great spiritual wave is sweeping over the planet, and that at last souls are reaching out into the great Unknown worlds for Truth and Light.

It further demonstrates that the age of bigotry and intolerance has gone; that under the blaze of the Higher Thought man is no longer to be a slave to fear, doubt and superstition.

The brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God are to be realized under the new order of things.

The success of this Magazine speaks volumes to the thinking and observing ones who desire peace and harmony in this world.

Buy a copy of the January issue on the news-stands. Read it and see if you are not filled with enthusiasm and hope. If your newsdealer does not keep it send 10 cents to the Magazine of Mysteries, 22 North William Street, New York, for a copy by mail. It will be a treat to you.

SUPPRESSED

BY U. S. POST OFFICE.

Wilshire's Magazine.

"Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

For advocating the above solution of the Trust Problem, Wilshire's Magazine, formerly published in New York, is suppressed by the Post Office, under the specious plea that it merely advertised "Wilshire." My petition to President Roosevelt to investigate the extraordinary ruling of his appointee in the Post Office is denied a direct answer, and I am referred for redress to the same appointee of whom I have complained. In order to obtain the liberty of a free press I am banished to a foreign country. Hereafter Wilshire's Magazine will be published in Toronto, Canada.

Lost to Americans: Right of Free Press, Right of Petition.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is an illustrated monthly, price 10 cents, for sale now and forever at ALL NEWS-STANDS. Order your newsman to get it from the American News Co., returnable. Subscription $1 per year. Six months' trial for 25 cents.

Will Send it 3 Months Free

by Canadian Post if you agree to take it the balance of the year, provided you are entirely satisfied. I take the risk. My loss, and not even a little kick if you don't like it after a fair and free trial. Drop a postal for free sample to

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
Editor Wilshire's Magazine, Toronto, Canada.
New York Office, 225 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES AILMENTS OF WOMEN

Female Weakness,
Inflammations,
Internal Pains,
Lassitude,
Backache,
Headache,
Nervousness,
Indigestion,
Melancholy,
Lung Diseases.

TRIAL FREE

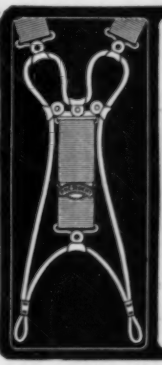
It brings health, comfort, attractiveness. Wholly external. Worn with or without corsets. Simple, comfortable, adjustable to fit any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother. We receive from 10,000 to 20,000 letters every year like the following:

Rushville, N. Y., June 2, 1901.

I had been ailing for fifteen years from backache, headache, constipation and prolapsus. I had been treated by some of the best specialists in the country without avail. Your brace cured me. The organs have gone back to proper position and remain there. Mrs. G. C. Shuman.

Free trial for 30 days. Particulars and illustrated book, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. **Write today** to

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.
HOWARD C. RASH, M'G'R
BOX 50 SALINA, KANSAS.



THIS shows the principle at the back of the

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

The only suspender made on a scientific basis. Look for "PRESIDENT" on the buckles. Trimmings can not rust. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. Sold everywhere 50 cts., or by mail postpaid.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 201, Shirley, Mass.

PARALYSIS

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA & Nervous Prostration Cured.
Dr. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to **ROYAL CO., Desk B. C., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.**

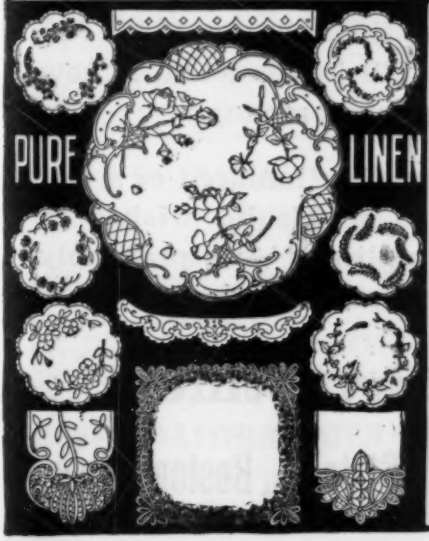
Asthma and Bronchitis

Safe and sure relief, no smoking. Trial treatment, 25 cents, by mail.
EMPIRE SPECIALTY CO.
Winston Bldg. Utica, N. Y.

ANY LADY *Can Easily Make* $18 TO $25

weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will gladly send particulars free to all. Even your spare time is valuable. This is no deception, and if you really want to make money address **WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 36, JOLIET, ILL.**

FREE LINEN AND LACE MATERIALS



408 Square Inches

of Pure Linen and Lace Material absolutely **Free. 1 Linen Centerpiece,** *Jacqueminot Rose* design, **4 Large Doilies,** *Holly, Violet, Wild Rose* and *Forget-me-not* designs, **2 Smaller Doilies,** *Daisy* and *Fern* designs **2 New Roosevelt Linen Collars,** the *latest* and most *popular* novelty for neckwear. Making **nine pieces of linen** all stamped with *newest* and most *popular* designs.

Besides we also send you **Lace** material enough for **1 Lace Handkerchief** and **2 Lace Tie Ends,** on *special Glove, Satin finished Cambric.* Send your name and address and by return mail you will receive the **12 pieces of Linen and Lace** material free, representing **408 Square inches of Stamped Designs** and material. *We do not want one cent of your money.* After you have received the 12 pieces and are **perfectly satisfied** that we will send them to you **Free,** *all charges prepaid,* there is one slight condition which we will send you with the Linen and Lace. *Remember we do not want one cent of your money.* **What You Get!** **1 Centerpiece,** 4 large Doilies, 2 small Doilies, 2 Embroidery Neck Collars, 1 Lace Handkerchief, 2 Lace Ties, **12 pieces in all,** or **408 sq. inches.** We do this to introduce our **"Home Queen"** into every household and family where it is now unknown. We believe that *any lady interested* in *making fancy work* is the *proper* person to get acquainted with and we will send the 12 pieces like illustration the same day your letter is received, free, all charges prepaid. *Write today.* **The Home Queen,** *221 Elm St., Waterville, Maine.*

"Crescite et Multiplicamini"
"Increase and Multiply."

$3 + $2 = $5
$5 x 2 = $10

We Told You So.

During the past six months we again and again advised readers of The Black Cat to buy stock of the California King Gold Mines Company at $3.00 per share.

We Tell You So.

To-day this stock is selling at $5.00 per share and we predict that owing to the phenomenal developments of the property its stock will sell at $10.00 per share in less than one year and pay handsome dividends in less than six months. The largest cyanide mill in the world is now being erected by this company.

Anyone who has a few hundred or a few thousand dollars which he wishes to "increase and multiply" can profitably communicate with us as to what forms a

Gilt-Edge Investment

NOYES & DANA, 27 State St., Boston, Mass

"ESPECIALLY THE

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

OF VIRGINIA."

For Albuminuria and Bright's Disease.

Samuel O. L. Potter, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. P., *London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, San Francisco,* in his handbook of PHARMACY, MATERIA MEDICA, and THERAPEUTICS, **a text-book in many of the leading Medical colleges of the country,** under the head of **ALBUMINURIA,** page 600, 7th edition **in the citation of remedies,** says: **"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER of Virginia is highly recommended."**

Under the head of **"CHRONIC BRIGHT'S DISEASE,"** page 601, same edition, **in the citation of remedies,** he says: **"Mineral Waters,**

"Especially the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER of Virginia, which has many advocates."

"A VERITABLE ANTIDOTE."

Dr. William H. Drummond, *Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, Bishop's University, Montreal, Canada:* "In the **Acute and Chronic Nephritis—BRIGHT'S DISEASE—of Gouty and Rheumatic Origin, as well as in the graver Albuminuria of Pregnancy,** I have found **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER to act as a VERITABLE ANTIDOTE, and I know of NO OTHER NATURAL AGENT POSSESSING THIS IMPORTANT QUALITY."**

"NO REMEDY SO ABSOLUTELY SPECIFIC."

Geo. Halsted Boyland, A. M., M. D., *of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris,* says: **"There is no remedy so absolutely specific in all forms of ALBUMINURIA** and **BRIGHT'S DISEASE,** whether **acute** or **chronic,** as **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring **No. 2,** accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of **Pregnancy** where **Albumen** is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this Water and a milk diet are prescribed, the **Albumin disappears rapidly from the urine** and the **patient has a positive guaranty against Puerperal Convulsions.** Used as a substitute for ordinary water during the period of **Gestation it will be found invaluable as a preventive** of **Puerperal Convulsions** and other **disturbances** incident to this condition. It is also an undoubted **tonic** to both mother **and child, allaying at the same time Nausea and Vomiting."**

"NO REMEDY AT ALL COMPARABLE TO BUFFALO LITHIA WATER"

Dr. E. C. Laird, *Resident Physician, Hot Springs, N. C., formerly Resident Physician at Buffalo Lithia Springs:* "In Bright's Disease I know of no remedy comparable to **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.**

"I will add that in diseases generally of **Uric Acid Diathesis,** embracing **Renal Calculi, Stone in the Bladder, Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** etc., I know of **no remedy at all comparable to BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.'**

Spring No. 1 is **both a NERVE** and a **BLOOD TONIC,** and in **PALE, FEEBLE,** and **ANÆMIC SUBJECTS** is to be preferred. In the absence of these symptoms, No. 2 is to be preferred.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputation or questions sent to any address.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA